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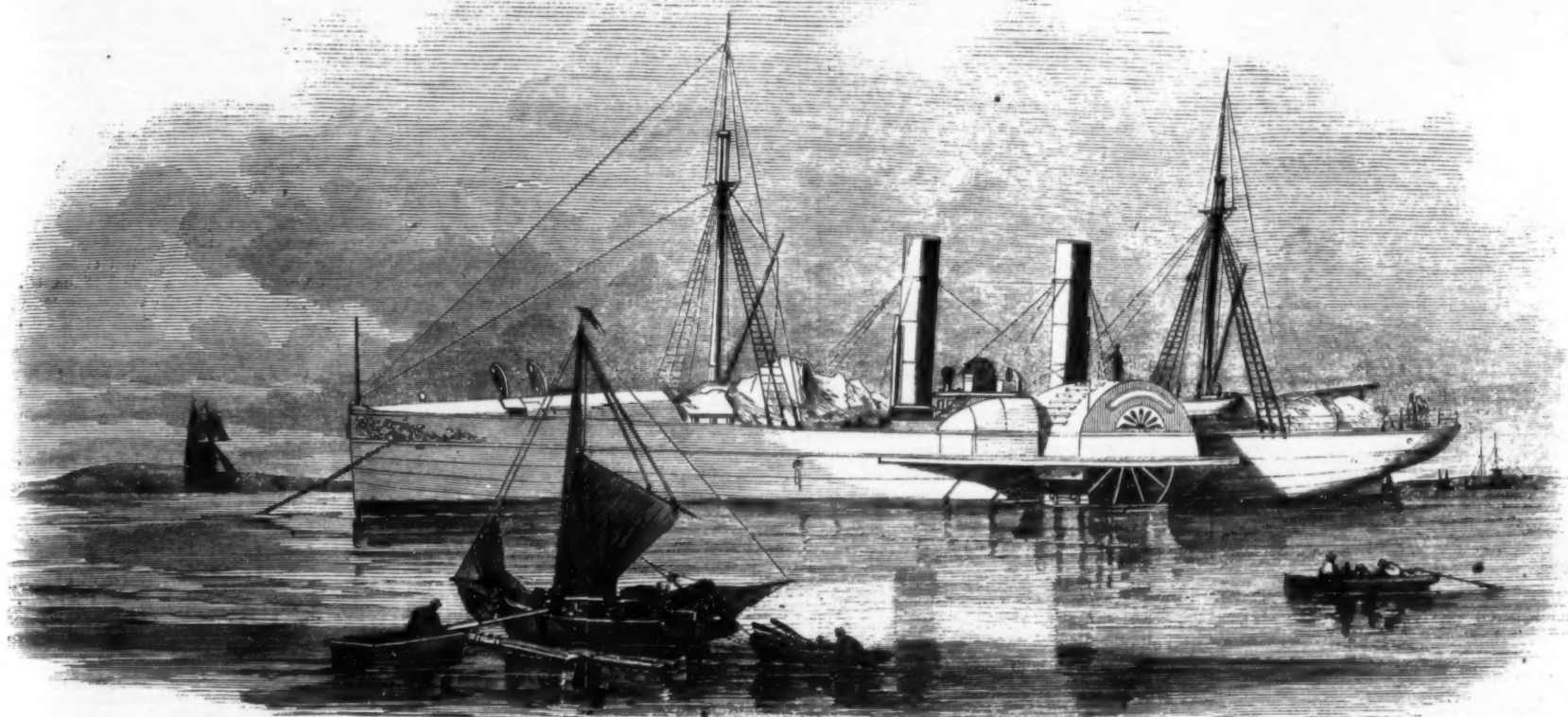
# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 478—Vol. XIX.]

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 26, 1864.

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**FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,**  
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 26, 1864.

All Communications, Poems for Review, etc. must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

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**The Presidential Election.**

WE have passed quietly through the most imposing, the most momentous, and in many respects, the most critical ordeal of a national election in the history of the United States. The general results are before the country, in the re-election of President Lincoln, by an overwhelming popular and electoral vote, and in the return of a two-thirds Administration majority in the popular branch of Congress.

No elaborate exposition of causes and effects is here necessary to account for these results. They are simply due to the pressure of that paramount and all-absorbing issue upon the people of the loyal States, the inflexible prosecution of this war, until the rebellious States shall be brought to the point of submission to the supreme authority of the Union. This broad and comprehensive programme of the Administration has carried the day against the untenable positions taken by the Democratic party at Chicago, that the war for the Union is "a failure," and that "immediate efforts" should be made for "a cessation of hostilities," in order that negotiations might be tried in behalf of peace. In the face of the oft-repeated and consistent declarations of the leaders of the rebellion, that they will have no peace, nor enter into any negotiations for peace, except upon the basis of Southern independence, those Chicago propositions were largely regarded by the people concerned in this late election as equivalent to overtures for a surrender to Jeff Davis. Thus the Democratic party, in blindly casting away a golden opportunity for a great success, have been signally defeated.

The people of the loyal States have given

their verdict in favor of the war policy of the Administration; they have decreed that there shall be no "cessation of hostilities," short of the overthrow and dispersion of the armed forces of the rebellion. The policy of the Government, under Abraham Lincoln as its chief executive officer, is thus established for the next four years. All doubts upon the subject are at an end. The opinion is also widely entertained among the rank and file of the dominant party, that the moral influences of Mr. Lincoln's re-election will immediately and powerfully operate to unite and consolidate the loyal States, and to distract, divide and break up the so-called "Confederate States." The implacable feelings of hostility manifested on all occasions by the rebel chiefs and rebel journals to the "Illinois despot," and their anxiety expressed through a thousand channels for "anything in the way of a change in the Yankee Government," have been advanced as fully warranting these hopeful predictions. We congratulate all parties concerned, that the fierce excitements, jealousies and party wranglings of the Presidential campaign are over, and that the National Government and the loyal States have now a fair field before them for a "short, sharp and decisive" campaign against the armies of the rebellion. We bow to the will of the people.

**Jeff Davis to the Rebel Congress on the  
Negro Enlistment Question.**

ANOTHER of those melancholy Jeremiahs of Jeff Davis, dignified in rebeldom as "the President's Message to Congress," has been issued to the world. It is a public document but little calculated to cheer the drooping spirits of his friends at home or abroad, but much more likely to depress the holders of "Confederate scrip" and cotton loans in Richmond, New York and London. Jeff frankly informs his legislative assembly that their treasury is on the verge of the fearful abyss of bankruptcy; that his armies are sadly depleted and demoralized from absenteeism; that he utterly despairs of a helping hand from Europe; but that he is still resolved upon Southern independence or Southern extermination.

In order to strengthen his armies, he proposes the repeal of all exemptions, and in response to his demands, a bill has been proposed in his Congress to compel all able-bodied citizens of the Confederacy absent in the North or elsewhere to return and shoulder arms, on pain of the confiscation of their property and other persuasive penalties. Upon the subject of a grand levy upon the slave plantations, in the way of a "black draft," Davis rides both horses. He is opposed to the experiment of arming the blacks as dangerous and incompatible with "Southern rights;" but he thinks that 40,000 slaves, to begin with, might be trained for the possible contingency of service in the field, with the reward of their personal freedom at the close of the war. Here, however, he is confronted by a Richmond editor, who contends that, according to Southern ideas, the blessings of perpetual slavery would be the proper boon for Sambo's services as a Confederate soldier. The irrepressible Senator Foote, who in this capacity represents Tennessee in the Richmond Congress, says, on the other hand, that the Confederate Government has no power over this question of emancipation, that it belongs to the several States, and so the controversy begins. How it will end, the events of a few weeks will probably disclose. We shall not be surprised if this thing of levying upon the slaveholder's negroes, as food for Yankee powder, shall prove to be the fatal package which breaks the camel's back. From the extreme perplexity of Davis on this subject, it is apparent that, in being compelled to broach it, he feels that he is in "the last ditch."

**The Gold Speculators.**

THE gold speculators during the last week or two have skillfully appropriated for a rise the excitements of the Presidential election, and rumors and inventions of disasters and dangers to Sherman's army. But we dare say that these expedients for the depreciation of the national currency are now exhausted, and that in good season we shall have such intelligence from Sherman as will frighten "Moses" and the financial allies of Jeff Davis in Wall street into a general stampede. We would, therefore, still advise all parties who have purchases of any description to make to defer them yet a little longer, as far as practicable, in view of the fall which is coming. "It is a long lane that has no turn."

**Less of Politics and More of Literature.**

THE Presidential canvass being at an end, and the Administration being re-established for the next four years, several of our late most active New York daily Democratic journals have given notice that henceforward they will devote their columns less to party politics and more to general news and literary subjects. Let our unemployed poets, fancy sketch and romance

writers accordingly hold up their heads and prepare for active service in their proper vocation. They have had a comparatively narrow field of usefulness for the last year or two; but now, in their behalf, we hail the dawning of a brighter day. Indeed, it is our belief that there is "a good time coming" for us all.

**Summary of the Week.****SHERMAN'S VALLEY.**

Gen. Early has evidently been considerably reinforced, since, on the 11th Nov. he has assumed the offensive by a strong cavalry reconnaissance in front of the divisions commanded by Gen. Custer and Merritt, near Kearns town, four miles south of Winchester. After heavy skirmishing the Union forces fell back, in order to draw the rebels on; but after advancing to where the Union forces were in position, they retired hastily, their purpose apparently having been accomplished. Early the next morning skirmishing was renewed, and, after some fruitless fighting, Gen. Powell's division attacked the enemy and drove them beyond Front Royal, capturing two cannon, 150 men, several wagons and a large number of horses. The losses are said to be heavy on both sides.

**VIRGINIA.**

Since our last there has been nothing of any interest to record. The *Richmond Examiner* says that its correspondent in Washington writes that when Butler's canal of Dutch Gap is finished an attack upon Richmond will be made by a large fleet of gunboats and ironclads, and the entire army now massed before Richmond.

**GEORGIA.**

There is much uncertainty as to Sherman's position, the Government keeping his movements secret.

A dispatch from Chattanooga, dated Nov. 11, says that on Monday morning, Nov. 7, at daylight, the rebels attacked our pickets south of Atlanta, killed one, wounded two of the 3d Indiana, but subsequently they fell back. On Wednesday morning the rebels made three attacks on Atlanta, shells being thrown as far as Rolling Mill. The most desperate attack was made on the Rough and Ready road. The rebel artillery was within 100 yards of our works, and their infantry and dismounted cavalry within 200 yards. Our men were aroused from their slumbers and quickly manned the defences, and soon drove the rebels off. The rebels were part of Young's command, and they finally retreated towards Macon. Our army is in excellent spirits and well supplied with rations. The election has gone largely for Lincoln. The *Cincinnati Gazette* has a dispatch from Nashville, which denies the reported evacuation of Atlanta by Gen. Sherman, and the destruction of the Atlanta and Chattanooga railroad.

**TOWN GOSSIP.**

THE election is over, and after a storm there comes a calm. The work is done, and both victor and vanquished, with that philosophy which is characteristic of the American people, have instantly settled down into an apparent apathy on all the events that, a week ago, were discussed with so much earnestness and force. "The election is over," is the answer to any would-be argument. Our Government has been chosen for the next four years, and every man, bearing the least pride as an American, no matter on which side he voted, will put his shoulder to the wheel, and work faithfully and truly with that Government. He can feel that in the midst of a terrible civil war, fought on 100 bloody fields, a revolution has been accomplished, a bloodless one; one that in its quiet working does more to endorse our people and our cause before the world than the most brilliant strategy, or the most reckless bravery.

Through a city supposed to be inhabited by a population the most mixed and unreliable in the world, there was not a single fight or demonstration for a riot. Some attributed this to the known presence of Gen. Butler and a half score thousand of troops in our midst, but the more thinking portion of the community adjudged it to the true cause, the positive earnestness of the people, and the conviction on each mind that this was no time for frivolity. And in saying this we believe ourselves justified in asserting that it is the first time this earnestness has settled upon the people, or that they have realized anything else of election day than a holiday and a time for relaxation and rude enjoyment. We defy similar causes for excitement to be shown like those which occurred among us on Tuesday last that have not ended in something more than words. We will cite one as an example. In some of the Wards, the 22d for instance, in consequence of the immense number of votes registered and small accommodation at the polls, hundreds of waiting voters had to be shut away when the polls closed at sundown, without having put in their ballots, and that, in some cases, after they had waited for hours. We feel that in any other land than this, or had the people been less earnest, such a shutting out of votes would have led to an outbreak and the shedding of blood. As it was the shut-out patriots took the matter very quietly, and each party satisfied themselves that the unpollled votes belonged to them as a unit.

With the cessation of a great war comes the cessation of all petty wars, as for instance that between the tailors and their employers, and between the people and the street railroad companies. In the first case the strikers had to give way, and are very generally returning to work at the old prices, or such as the employers choose to advance. There is a vast importance in this matter, much more so than appears on its face. It simply shows that no matter how necessary any labor may be to the employer, if he has only courage, cash and combination, he can defeat any effort that may be made to enforce high remuneration. The experiment is a dangerous one for both sides, but the employer always suffers most, from the simple fact of the employer holding the purse strings. We knew of a case that occurred a few days since, and we feel pretty confident that the sentiment uttered will find a response in almost every mind. A well-known comedian met upon the street a man decently dressed, but very woe-begone, who solicited a small sum as a necessity. While the comedian was fumbling in his pocket for a dollar to bestow, the man dropped the remark that he had a good trade.

"What is your trade?" was the inquiry.  
"I am a tailor, and could earn \$4 a day."  
"Why do you not do so?"



"Because," answered the tailor, "I am on a strike." The gentleman ceased his fumbling, and looking the tailor straight in the face, said:

"My good fellow, I have always a dollar for the man who cannot work or cannot get work, but not a cent for one who can work and who has work thrust at him. Good-day!"

Of the other small war—that of the cars—there is only a faint, distant and occasional rumbling. The people cannot afford to fight for so small an issue, and will not encourage those who do. The matter is to all appearance settled, and the companies have it their own way, the last point of opposition being that of the New York Sun, which offers to become retailers of the tickets if the companies will place them in their hands for that purpose, which most assuredly the companies will not do.

During the last week the remains of the supposed murdered and quartered man were buried, consigned to earth without identification, and in all probability the matter will be wrapped in perpetual mystery. It seems indeed wonderful that such a deed can occur in our midst, and have been advertised to the extent of this, and yet not a clue be gotten, even though every incentive has been offered for its elucidation. The theory now offered is that the thing is a practical joke of some medical student, who, for the purpose of making an experiment, have taken some body received for dissection, quartered and distributed it in the rivers and bay. This may do very well for a theory, but it will never do for a fact. Firstly, such a joke never could be accomplished without the knowledge of the professors; secondly, the body presented no such evidence, and thirdly, the chance of identification was just as strong in that case as in any other. The fact is that a fearful murder has been perpetrated, and the doers of it have been fortunate or smart enough to execute it without leaving any trace. The old saying that "murder will out" is not always true.

One of the most remarkable things is what becomes of our money. We were not so much disposed to wonder when gold and silver disappeared, for that was an inevitable sequence of its rise in value, but now we do wonder at the disappearance of the pennies. This currency is not worth sending out of the country, having been coined down to present value, and yet as fast as the mint sends them out they disappear. The master of the mint informs us that within the past four months eighteen millions of these circular bits of copper have been launched on the community, and yet the circulating medium as represented by them is just as scarce as ever. Added to this six millions of two cent pieces have been sent forth, and yet how often do we receive one in change? We have no theory for it, save that at all the world is like a certain friend of ours who goes about with a pocketful of the new issues, offering to match pennies with all creation, and boasting that he is engaged in saving up a barrelful for future use.

Everybody is discussing the probability of a new call for men and a consequent draft. We hardly think any fear may be encouraged of a new call. More men must be had, but there will be no necessity for a new call, seeing that the last one has not yet been answered. Five hundred thousand men were wanted, and so far on that call about one hundred and fifty thousand have been furnished; while three hundred and fifty thousand are due. This trifling balance it will be necessary to have, and our patriotic fellow-citizens may quickly make up their minds that they will have to toe the mark. They have endorsed the war and all its little belongings, and there is no reason why they should not take a hand. Uncle Sam has enough greenbacks to pay a million more of men, and enough veteran troops, who, to a man, approve of the call and of the draft to enforce any of his wants.

#### Our Amusements.

Firstly, the opera, the new season commencing with this week, during which we are promised many novelties, the greatest of which being the new opera of "Don Sebastiano," by Don Zetti, being his last work but one. The libretto is by Scribe, and the music by the world never produced one more accomplished as a librettist, or better understanding all the requirements of the stage. It was written and produced at Paris in 1844, and was more than a success, and for three seasons was the marked favorite of the Grand Opera.

The story is that of Don Sebastiano, King of Portugal, who reigned from 1567 to 1578, amusing himself and his people by making raids and general scrimmages against the Moors, in one of which raids he was sent to kingdom come, but his body not having been found among the slain, the idea seized upon his followers that the King had only stepped out for a short furlough of a few years, and would assuredly return to lead them once more to battle. While they waited patiently for this good time, impostors would occasionally arise, claiming to be the King, and upon this idea the opera is based.

In the first act the King (Massimiliano) is about departing for a small fight with the Moors, when he is approached by the poet Camoens (Bellini), who begs his clemency for Zaida the African (Caracci Zucchi), who has been condemned to death for doing a little poisoning. The King, struck by her beauty, pardons her, and, as a recompense, is blessed by Camoens, who predicts his success and happy return, under which blessing the King sets sail for Africa, where, in the second act, he is defeated by the Moors, and is saved from death by Zaida, who somehow mysteriously turns up about this time in the house of her father, and with an Arab lover, by name Abadialos (Lorini).

The next turn of the dice brings Zaida and her Arab lover to the royal palace at Lisbon as ambassadors from the Moors to that court, and the King and Camoens, out of funds and somewhat dilapidated, to the same spot, where they recognise each other; and it is agreed that the King shall declare himself, which he does, but only to be extinguished by the people, who by this time have been so imposed on by false Sebastians that they are not ready to believe in any, and as a consequence seize the King and bear him off for trial. The whole affair ends with a grand trial scene, in which Zaida is mixed, and the condemnation of both to torture and death, giving a chance for Susini (as Grand Inquisitor) to do some rather extensive warbling.

Without doubt the opera will be a great success, the scenic arrangements promised being of the most magnificent, and the whole force of the company, musical, artificial and mechanical, being brought to bear upon it.

With the theatres there is little to record. Mr. Owens, with his Solon Shingle, keeps the Broadway crammed nightly, to witness one of the most artistic personations ever offered on the New York stage, and enters upon his twelfth week of his performance of that part.

Maggie Mitchell, as Fanchon, is winning a reputation in New York that will not leave her.

Wallack next week produces a new play by Boucicault. Mr. Lester Wallack plays Bob Tyke in "The School of Reform."

The French Theatre is once more open, and is worth every one's visitation, if it were only to see with what spirit the actors enter upon their work, and how thoroughly the audiences enjoy themselves.

#### HAMILTON'S FEDERALIST.

Now that a Republican Governor has been elected in New York, it is likely that the public will bear less, in future, about "State Sovereignty" as opposed to Federal Supremacy, in the administration of the laws. Nevertheless, we trust that students of our politics will not neglect to make themselves perfectly well acquainted with the precise nature of the relations existing between the States and the general Government, under the Federal Constitution. In studying this subject, no book affords greater aid than that splendid memorial of profound statesmanship, "The Federalist"—a work that testifies at once to the genius of our institutions and the genius of Alexander Hamilton, the foremost statesman of the Revolutionary period. A new edition of this work, edited by Mr. John C. Hamilton, of this city, the son of its principal writer, has lately been published. It is in every respect trustworthy. Mr. Hamilton is a scholar, a Conserva-

tive in politics, and, as a writer, is remarkable for the terseness, grace and elegance of his style.

We characterize his edition as the best one extant, because its editor has studied his father's works with a tender interest and a reverent care, necessarily surpassing the fidelity of strangers. It will be remembered that Mr. Hamilton long ago edited the writings of his father, exclusive of the "Federalist," in seven volumes, and also published a "History of the Republic of the United States, as traced in the Writings of Alexander Hamilton and his Contemporaries."

#### EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

**Domestic.**—The rebels have managed to collect quite a little fleet of pirates on the coast. In addition to the Tallahassee, they have now the Chicamunga and Olussee. All these vessels are said to have escaped from Wilmington, N. C. The Chicamunga, commanded by Lieut. Wilkinson, burned three ships on the 30th and 31st Oct. The Olussee, under the command of Lieut. Ward, captured two schooners on the 3d Nov. The crews of all these have been paroled as prisoners of war.

At the Trotting Park, Providence, R. I., a well-known citizen of that place weighing 140 pounds, undertook to drag a sulkey, weighing 95 pounds, with a man in it, weighing 170, round its mile course, in 16 minutes. He gained his wager, and had 4 minutes, 30 seconds to spare.

A race almost as remarkable, came off last week at the Hudson county race course, Secaucus, between two distinguished officials of Hoboken, in which the gray Mayor proved the better horse, winning by several minutes.

The Presbytery of Cincinnati, at a late meeting, passed a vote "That any person teaching and maintaining that American Slavery is not a sin, or is justified by the word of God, is justly liable to censure."

The culture of the coffee bean is to be undertaken in the valley of the Connecticut river. This bean is said to be the best substitute for genuine coffee yet discovered.

The first American organ-builder was Boston Broomfield, Jr., the son of a merchant in Easton. He evinced a genius for mechanics, and made, for his own amusement, musical and also optical instruments, of great power. He graduated at Harvard College, in 1742, and died at the age of 23 years.

A rebel officer writes from Charleston: "We have at the liquor we can drink for \$95 per gallon, or \$2.37 per drink."

Twenty-nine newspapers are now published in the State of New Hampshire, says an exchange, instead of 49, as before the war.

The farms in the southern section of California have suffered very severely from drought. One farmer lost all but 60 of a herd of 10,000 cattle. The animals died of starvation. Efforts to aid the suffering farmers were, at late accounts, being made in San Francisco.

Emigration is very brisk from the valley of the Mississippi to the Western mountain regions, and to California and Oregon.

The Louisville Journal says that when the guerrillas made an attack on the train on the Lexington railroad, recently, Hon. Montgomery Blair, who was a passenger, took a child from his mother's arms, stepped from the car with the bright cherub pressed to his bosom, claimed to be the father of the rosy-cheeked darling, was very tender and solicitous in regard to its welfare, and played his part so well that the guerrillas passed him by—the ex-member of the Cabinet thus escaping capture.

At a recent severe fire at Eastport, Maine, the women of the place distinguished themselves by lending efficient aid in working the engines.

The celebrated mare Flora Temple was recently sold in Baltimore. The mare, say a wag, makes the money go.

Mackerel have been caught in abundance in Antigonish Bay, N. B. About 300 American fishing craft were counted at work in Morrisdown. The lights of this fleet made a beautiful illumination at night.

Gen. Sheridan and several staff officers were poisoned, a not long ago, at Winchester, by some corrosive substance which, in a supposed accidental manner, got mixed with their food. They all suffered severe pains from the effects of the poison, but it did not prove fatal to any of them.

The remains of Edgar Allan Poe, the author of the "Raven," who justly ranks as the most weirdly original of American poets, were buried under the Presbyterian church at the corner of Fayette and Greene streets, Baltimore, Maryland. A subscription is being taken up under the auspices of Mr. N. R. Willis, of the Home Journal, to erect a suitable monument to the poet's memory.

Mr. W. W. Swan, a well-known teacher, and author of several educational works, died recently in Boston.

The houses on the summit of Mount Washington were closed for the season on Monday, Oct. 17th. The last visitors to the mountain encountered snow three miles from the Glen, but found only a few drifts the next five miles. They were richly rewarded for their journey, as the morning was one of the clearest of the season, the ocean view being so extensive that upwards of 30 vessels were counted off Portland harbor, Maine.

The lady managers of the Orphan Asylum at Washington, D. C., solicit public aid in their good work. The Asylum is overcrowded with inmates, numerous orphans having been made by the war, in all parts of the country, who come hither for refuge.

A soldier recently presented himself at an exhibition, which he wished to enter at half price, on the ground that he had but one eye.

A cunning soldier of Vermont, who wished to accomplish two opposite ends at one and the same time, that is, to desert to Canada, and yet fall with honor on the field of glory, stuffed his letters, his wife's photograph, and sundry locks of hair, into the pocket of a dead soldier, and then deserted. His death was accordingly reported; his supposed widow consoled herself with another husband and tears were shed. Last week his wife and new husband went to Canada on a little pleasure trip, and there, to her horror, met her first spouse, who, however, promised never to trouble her again.

Hon. R. J. Walker, who has just returned from Europe, has had a very satisfactory interview with the President. It is said that he will succeed the Hon. W. P. Fessenden, as Secretary of the Treasury.

Miss Homer's stately and impressive statue of "Zenobia" is now on exhibition at Derby's Gallery. It is a noble work of art, and a credit alike to the artist and the country.

**Naval.**—The consort of the Alabama, the Florida, was captured by the U. S. gunboat Wachusett on the night of the 7th Oct. in the harbor of Bahia, a Brazilian port. Unsuspecting danger being surrounded by Brazilian ships of war, and directly under the guns of Fort Marcellus, the officers and crew were sent on shore, while the vessel was left under guard of the first lieutenant. The Wachusett slipped her anchor in the night, and running into the Florida, demanded her surrender—which was made—12 officers and 88 men were on board. A hawser was then attached to the Florida, and with her prize, the Wachusett sailed out to sea, under fire of the fort, and pursued by two Brazilian ships of war, which soon gave up the chase. At St. Thomas the Wachusett found the Kearsarge, Capt. Winslow, in whose charge many of the prisoners were sent home. The Florida is at Fortress Monroe.

Messrs. Tomes, Melvin & Co., of this city, have published in neat and even elegant style, a folio volume, describing and illustrating the "Uniform for Officers of the United States Navy," as prescribed by the latest regulations controlling the subject. The volume also includes the laws of the United States

relative to the Navy, passed at the first session of the 38th Congress. It will prove extremely useful to officers and men in our naval service as well as practically instructive to general readers. The public cannot be indifferent to anything that relates to our brave defenders, whether on sea or shore.

**Foreign.**—A party of Tyrolese, arrayed in Garibaldi shirts, lately made a demonstration against the Austrian strongholds in Venetia, and endeavored to incite an insurrection among the people. But they only succeeded in obtaining a little plunder, with which they decamped to the mountains.

Most of the churches in Denmark are hung with pictures of the Crucifixion.

In England, the Bible is now sold for 12 cents, the New Testament for 4 cents, the Gospels for 2 cents for each copy.

Mademoiselle Keller, a popular Parisian actress, won 38,000 francs lately, at a gambling saloon in Baden.

The cucugo, a small Mexican insect, promises to take a position in the world, as an ornament for ladies' hair. It is said to possess wonderful beauty of color, and a dazzling lustre.

Several wealthy Southern planters have settled in Brazil.

The National Library of Madrid has just obtained the only copy that exists of the first edition of "Don Quixote."

There was once a madman at Athens. His frenzy consisted in imagining every vessel which entered the Piræus as his property, and he consequently tested the happiness of wealth, though oftentimes he had not wherewith to buy a crust of bread and a half-dozen olives.

A frightful accident has taken place at Ulm, in Wurtemberg. During a performance at the theatre, 24 lamps attached to the chandelier suspended from the roof burst in succession with great rapidity, and burning petroleum oil fell like a shower of fire on the spectators, among whom were a number of ladies. In a moment the dresses of 30 of them were in flames. Several were seriously burned. One lady was dreadfully injured and died a few hours afterwards.

The demand for silks has increased considerably in Paris, since the beginning of autumn. At the same time the raw material has become scarce, in the south of France. A large supply of the latter, however, is received from the east, and so the mills are kept in operation. The millowners in the departments of the Drome and the Ardèche are working chiefly with silk imported from Frouse-Bengal and China.

Madame Ristori and her theatrical company have gone to Egypt.

We read that a body, buried in 1721, between two strata of guano, has been exhumed, in perfect preservation, and is now on exhibition, in a glass-case, at Paris.

Recent statistics show that there are 42,856 lunatics in England and Wales.

We regret to announce the death of John Leech, the famous artist and contributor to Punch, which took place on the 25th Oct., aged 47. He was born in London, and educated at the Charter House of that city. His first contribution to Punch was in 1841, since which time he has been its most celebrated artist, his chief characteristics being quiet humor and absence of gross exaggeration.

**Miscellaneous.**—The list in the group of asteroids was discovered by Mr. Weupel, of Marcellus, on the 30th of September, in the constellation Pisces.

The swelling produced by the sting of mosquito, wasp, ant or bee, can be immediately reduced by the application of turpentine.

A fir forest is always a silent one. Birds almost always choose deciduous trees to sing in.

No principle of the laws of civilized warfare is better known, than that wanton and needless injury to an enemy is not justifiable.

The moral power exerted by good and wise councils, in contrast with despotic rule—whether of an Ultra Democracy or of a bigoted Aristocracy—should be a nation's bulwark in this 19th century.

The following recipe is given for making acorn coffee, which is said to be an excellent imitation of the genuine article: 1st. Take off the hull and dry the kernel. 2d. Roast and pulverize in the usual manner, using about the same quantity that you like of coffee.

#### FOREIGN NEWS.

GEN. TODLEBEN, the famous Russian engineer, who gained so much reputation at Sebastopol, was in England. He had visited Woolwich, and tested a Whitworth gun, which throws 600 pound shot. It was, so they say, a perfect success.

The Emperors of France and Russia had met, and had several long interviews.

Nothing definite had been agreed on between the Danish and German Powers.

Franz Muller had been found guilty of murdering Mr. Briggs, and sentenced to be hanged.

Berryer, the famous French advocate, is paying a visit to Lord Brougham in London. A grand dinner will be given him there by the legal profession before he leaves.

Hong Kong advices to Sept. 10, state, that according to the latest intelligence from Yokohama, Japan, the marines were under orders for immediate embarkation, and the expedition was to sail three days later, viz., on the 28th of August. It is to consist of 5 British ships, mounting 184 guns; 3 French ships and 5 Dutch. A merchant steamer had been chartered by the American Minister to carry the United States flag into action, in order to enforce the opening of the inland sea according to treaty. It was intended that the marines should land and destroy the batteries as soon as the fleet had silenced the guns; 1,500 troops and half a battery of artillery would remain at Yokohama, together with two or three British men-of-war and the United States sloop Jamestown, to protect the settlements.

The London press is particularly severe upon Gen. Sheridan's devastating five miles of the Shenandoah valley, in retaliation for murdering a Union officer. The Times and Advertiser are especially so.

The Madrid papers announce that Peru, having refused explanations, all relations between the two countries are suspended.

The Italian Parliament, which met at Turin on the 24th Oct., was adjourned the very next day sine die. Considerable discontent was expressed at the proposed removal of the capital from Turin to Florence.

The last mail informs us that the news of the capture of the Florida by the U. S. gunboat Wachusett had reached Europe, and naturally caused much discussion, the British journals being particularly severe—the London Herald recommending the joint interference of the maritime Powers to punish such an outrage.

Peace between Denmark and the two great German powers has at length been concluded. The Danish Rigsraad was to meet on the 7th of November for the ratification of the treaty, which was to take place within three weeks. Twenty-one days after that event the Prussians will evacuate Jutland. It is said that France assents to the annexation of the Duchy of Lauenburg to Prussia.

A traffic cyclone has broken over Calcutta, causing enormous destruction of property. Of 239 vessels in the Hooghly (a branch of the Ganges) 19 are reported to be totally lost, and of the remainder 20 only are reported to be seaworthy.

The fleet of the English, French and Dutch has successfully attacked the forts of Prince Negato in the Straits of Shimoda. The Japanese have sued for peace, and promise to open the Straits.

#### THE SEA SHELL.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

BUT I have sinuous shells of pearly hue  
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed  
In the sun's palace-porch, where, when unyoked,  
His chariot wheel stands midway in the wave.  
Shake one, and it awakens—then apply  
Its polish'd lip to your attentive ear;  
And it remembers its august abodes,  
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

#### VAN ARDEN'S REVENGE.

"Let me see that, will you?" and the group separated to make room for the tall, dark-bearded man who pressed forward as he spoke:

"Hand it here, Hardy; it is mine," he continued, as he cast a rapid glance at the photograph which Hardy held, and around which an admiring group had gathered.

None thought of disputing the claim, as Hardy handed the picture to Van Arden, and in a moment more the men were engaged in their sad, but alas! not unaccustomed duty.

Two years ago, the sweet girl whose face was pictured on that tiny card had parted from her lover one snowy December night, and in parting placed in his hand this counterfeit of her dear self.

Truly and tenderly it was prized, and many a night, while pacing to and fro on some lonely boat, Van Arden had gazed lovingly on those dear features by the pale light of the moon, or while sitting with his comrades near the cheerful camp fire, had managed, unseen by them, to place his picture so that the light shone upon it, and ever and anon to cast upon it a stolen glance.

In one place just over his heart it always lay, until on one disastrous day fate turned against our armies, and the brave and tender soldier lover was captured and taken with other unfortunates to Richmond. Here his watch was taken from him, his pockets rifled, and their contents appropriated to the rebel sergeant, who superintended the operation, when in an unlucky moment the eye of a gray uniformed captain, who stood near, fell upon the sweet face of this picture, which they had taken by main force from Van Arden, and retained in spite of all his entreaties.

Watch, money, letters, he had not condescended to ask for, but he had begged for his picture as he might have done for his life. But no. With a vile oath the captain sprang forward, and seized it from the sergeant's hand, and turned to the window that he might examine it more closely. With a brow black as night Van Arden watched him, but attempt to gain his lost treasure was vain. He was but one among twenty; unarmed amid a score of revolvers and bayonets.

He saw the captain scan that gentle face with his wicked gaze, heard his coarse comments on its beauty, and then, most horrible of all, saw lips imprint a kiss on those pure lips, that even he had hardly presumed to touch.

Then stretching his hands towards heaven, in a voice deep with suppressed emotion, he exclaimed:

"As God lives I will be revenged!"

A year passed by. Van Arden had spent eleven long weary months in a Richmond prison. A month he had been with his regiment, and now in his old place, seemed panting for the fray.

A mile distant the battle raged, the most terrible of the war, they said; and Van Arden's regiment stood waiting to be called into action. Anxiously the men gaze down the long dusty road. A long line of ambulances only is to be seen moving slowly towards the distant hospital tents, with their loads of patient, suffering humanity. Now a young surgeon, with his green scarf fluttering in the breeze, gallops rapidly past, and following him an aide spurs his jaded horse to the uttermost.

He stops, a word to the colonel, who vaults into the saddle as he speaks, an instant more, and the men are marching at double quick down the dusty road along which they have gazed so long.

But a few moments more and they are enveloped in the dust and smoke and din of battle.

Our army fought, not like devils nor tigers, but like tried men and true, and the day was ours. Men said Van Arden never fought so well, as when a few hours later a party which had been detailed to bury the dead carried towards the long open trench the rebel captain he had slain. Then and there they had found the picture which Van Arden had claimed.

He had accomplished his revenge.

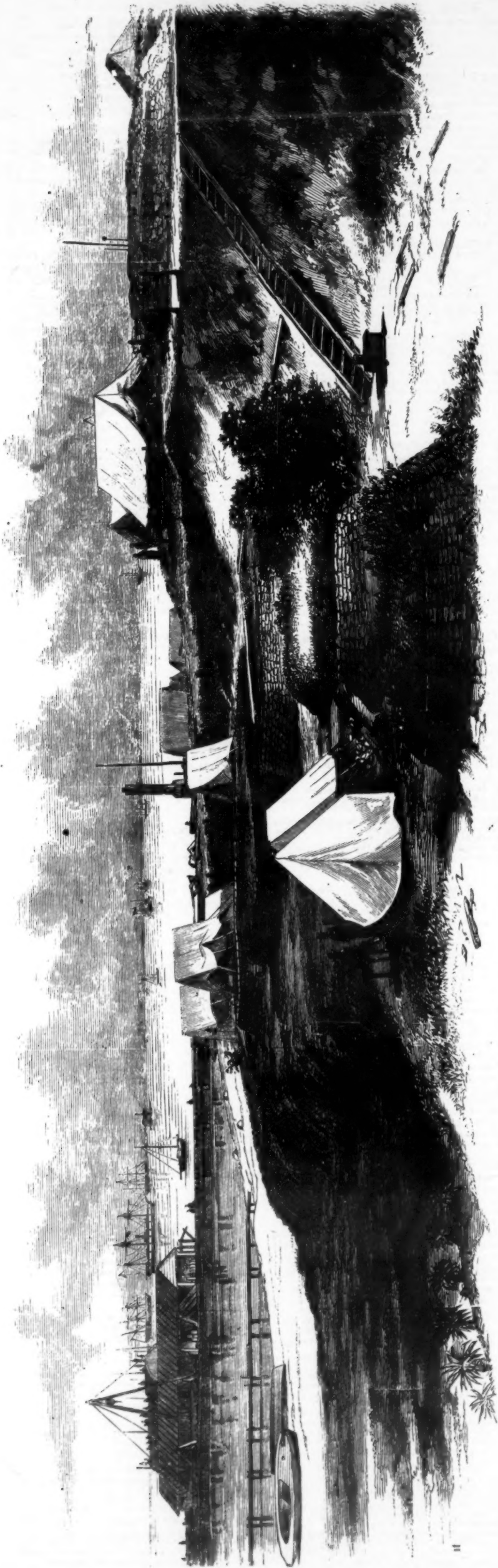
#### WATER BATTERY AT FORT MORGAN.

The capture of Fort Morgan, in Mobile Bay, was effected, after a bombardment of 24 hours' duration, on the 23d of August last. The attack was conducted—as all the world knows—by valiant old Admiral Farragut, the naval hero of our war. We present, on page 148, a sketch of the water battery at this fort. Beneath it Mobile Bay stretches away, into the distance. A portion of our fleet is riding at anchor off the fort. We do not hear much of late as to the progress of affairs at Mobile, but it is known that the city is in our power, and may be captured at any moment. The accessories of our sketch need not be particularised. They are such as are incidental to camp life in and around a fortress, and will be easily recognised.

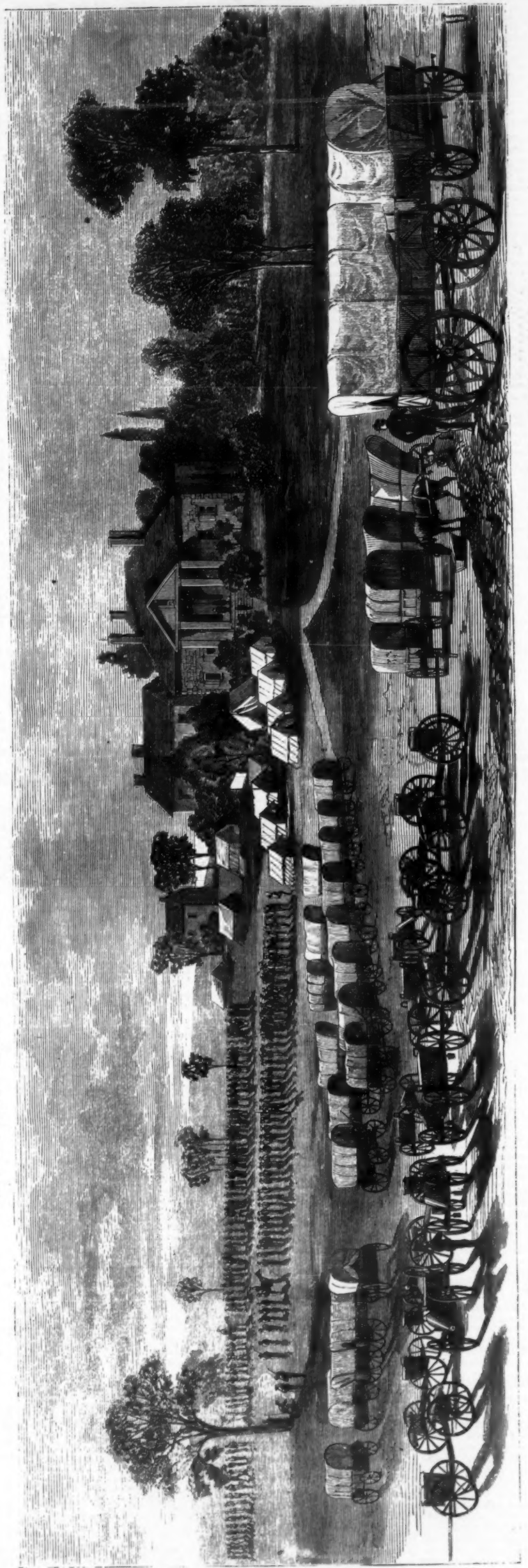
**OYSTERS IN PARIS.**—The cost of the oyster in Paris confines its consumption to the richer classes. Notwithstanding, however, the high price at which it is sold—generally from 8d to 10d a dozen—enormous quantities are eaten. It has been calculated that 7,000 to 8,000 baskets are daily emptied in Paris. Every basket contains 150 oysters, so that nearly 1,200,000 are daily opened and swallowed in that greedy capital; 35,000,000 oysters a month, or 258,000,000 in the eight months of the year to which the consumption of that mollusk used to be limited.

There is a Massachusetts clergyman who rejoices in the singular name of Rev. Preserved Smith, a unique species, doubtless, of a common genus.





WATER BATTERY AT FORT MORGAN, IN MOBILE BAY, ALABAMA.—PART OF OUR FLEET LYING OFF SHORE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MOSES & PIPET, N. O.



THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.—WAGONS AND CANNONS CAPTURED AT THE BATTLE OF MIDDLETOWN, VA., OCT. 19, COLLECTED AT MAJOR-GEN. SHERIDAN'S HEADQUARTERS.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



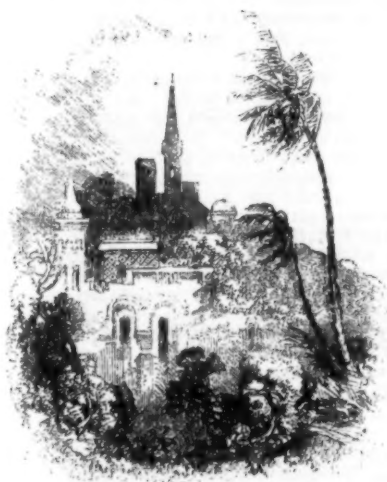


WOMEN VOTING IN NEW JERSEY, TOWARDS THE CLOSE OF THE LAST CENTURY.—FROM AN OLD PICTURE.

## SONGS OF THE WINDS.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Ye winds of Palestine,  
Sing softly o'er each holy shrine,  
Sing of the prophet's wondering eye  
That saw the Future shadow by



With all its pomp of woe and bliss,  
The godlike birth, the traitor's kiss,  
The temple rended and the night  
That brought for man Redemption's light—  
Sing, winds!

II.

Ye winds of iron Rome,  
Sing of its wolf-fed founder's home,  
Who, rearing high his hairy hands,  
Shook law unto a thousand lands,  
The law of force and only force,  
The signet of his Empire's course,  
With teeth of steel and brow of Fate,  
Too stern for love, too proud for mate—  
Sing, winds!

III.

Ye winds of myrtled Greece,  
Sing of the azure eyes of Peace,  
Of all her lovely Art that spread  
Light on the living and the dead,  
Light that is yet the light of mind  
In an eternity enshrined,  
Light that is yet the fondest nurse  
Of the Ideal's Universe—  
Sing, winds!

IV.

Ye winds of Freedom's Land,  
Sing Power that stands with equal hand,  
Where all behold a common shrine,  
Lit only by the Soul Divine

That rainbows every race with love;  
Dropping for ever from above  
Sweet benedictions, where the voice  
Of choral Heaven cries, "Rejoice!"—  
Sing, winds!

V.

Ye winds of every clime,  
Sing to the waving wand of Time,  
Religion, Freedom, Peace and Power,  
Borne on the car of every hour,  
When only joy shall lap the world,  
One ensign over all unfurled,  
Flaming upon its golden span  
"The Endless Brotherhood of Man"—  
Sing, winds!



THE EFFECTS OF SCANDAL.

hausted—more than exhausted; she had heard upon some particular subjects more than she had wished for, and now was seated in her own well-furnished sitting-room, mentally rehearsing those same disagreeable words which she had laughed at when they came from the lips of her chattering neighbor.

The door gently opened, and in walked her hus-

A DOMESTIC STORM  
AND ITS REVELATIONS.

BY J. E. D.

Mrs. KEMPLER had been in the company of a gossiping young widow, a near neighbor, all the afternoon of a bright October day.

It is a curious yet an acknowledged fact, that young widows generally have a cognition of everything that transpires within their circle of society. I said everything, perhaps I should have said more than everything; they seem to have a sort of poetic licence among both married and single ladies, therefore have a never-failing fund of idle words ready to run glibly from their tongue's end. Mrs. Kempler had heard every subject ex-

band, with a good-natured "Hem!" to announce that he was ready for the usual household words of greeting. Receiving no response, he made another and more emphatic "Hem!" and walking up to the luxurious easy-chair, with his folded evening paper he lightly tapped its fair occupant upon the cheek. Silence still held its sceptre over those compressed lips, and he repaired to a chair near, unfolded his paper, and commenced reading,



THE GOSSIPING WIDOW.

How conveniently interesting a newspaper is upon such occasions as this. No general, with his enemy's plan of battle drawn out before him, can make more strategic movements than he who sits behind a newspaper when a domestic storm is gathering. It is the most plausible pretext possible for not hearing any of the little peals of distant thunder; the dispatches are so exciting. There are a thousand different ways with this potent and powerful little instrument to disingenuously break the icy reserve which often steals into a fire-side circle.

Mr. Kempler used none of them. He did not know the conflicting emotions struggling for the mastery at this time in the heart of his wife; not that we would carry the idea that he was unconscious of the unusual silence, and perfectly indifferent as to whether or no an air of cheerfulness pervaded his home; on the contrary, he was a very sensitive man, and loved home because it was really home. Neither were little domestic storms so rare under the canopy of his roof that he did not know their portentous signs. Doubtless he had carelessly, yet purposely, raised his eyes from the paper, and saw distant and faint flashes of a coming storm well defined upon the ruffled brow of his wife, for coming events cast their shadows before them. He retrospectively glanced at the past, and saw no circumstance which should at this time raise the slightest ripple upon the sea of happiness; but domestic storms, like the storms of Nature, are governed by incomprehensible laws; they are upon us in a moment, sometimes but a mere sprinkling in the sunshine, for an instant



only; again, they are more noticeable, yet gentle and mild, like April showers, soon gone. Sometimes they come unannounced, without lightning or thunder, a simple pouring down of reproachful words. Again, the whole horizon is overshadowed with clouds, the winds shriek bitter invectives, lightnings flash, and the reverberating thunders roll along their accusations. This is the equinoctial—desolate firesides and blasted hopes mark its course. Woe betides those overtaken by one of these storms.

There are patches upon this terrestrial globe over which storm-clouds never brood—the tinted Chilians and Peruvians never hear the pattering drops of rain upon the roofs of their adobe houses; a heavy dew at night descends to moisten the earth. Perhaps there are those of the great human family who have never heard the discordant notes of clashing opinions beneath their roof, but our imperfect natures are generally so wayward that they pour forth their torrents whenever an adverse current disturbs them, or else they suddenly gather up moisture to distil a dew of bitterness. Who would not prefer a good, warm, generous shower to a dew, a cold dampness, that settles down, rusts the soul, and corrodes all the finer feelings of our hearts? Again, further up the Pacific coast, the San Franciscans witness but one storm each year, but that one lasts for three consecutive months, followed by a clear, cloudless and golden sky. Of all these storms and tempests the last is typical of the one darkening the scene before us. The paper which Mr. Kempler was reading had not at this time such an absorbing interest, but that he soon dropped it across his knees, and taking from a side pocket a small business wallet, he drew forth a Government note, already folded, so that the denomination was not visible, and walking to where his wife sat, he he dropped it into her lap saying:

"Margaret, give this to Edith—in your name," he continued, after a moment's hesitation, "not mine."

Mrs. Kempler changed colors rapidly, her lips were white and moveless as marble. With a stern and inquiring gaze at him in return, as though she wished to penetrate, upon the instant, into the innermost recesses of his heart, she unfolded the bill mechanically, and as she glanced at it a flush mantled her cheeks.

"A fifty dollar Government note for Miss Edith Mason, from Mr. Kempler; and for what, may I presume to ask?" were the words that came from her lips with scathing accents.

"Margaret, this display of ill-humor is disagreeable and uncalled for. Has anything happened to annoy you? It came into my mind to-day, while in my office, that you said, a few days since, 'Edith is to be married in six months.' Knowing her slender means, I laid aside that Treasury-note that you might present it to her to replenish her wardrobe."

"Rather say, Mr. Richard Kempler, that the real motives of your heart were by this course to draw a veil over my face, blind my eyes, while you continued with your intrigues. This money shall never purchase a trousseau for Edith Mason, at least not from my hands," and she flung it contemptuously towards her husband.

"Margaret, I don't understand you. Tell me what all this means."

"I have nothing to say that will be new to you," she said, without relaxing the cold and hard expression upon her face—"nothing that will be either interesting or agreeable to repeat. I regret that you should have asked me in marriage and wed me, when your affections were placed in another's keeping—in the keeping of Miss Edith Mason."

As if struck in the face, Mr. Kempler sank back in his chair, momentarily paralysed at hearing those words, "Edith Mason."

"Yes, Edith Mason; she whom I thought my best friend, after my husband."

"I am old enough to be her father," he returned, eyeing his wife, as if to read the depth of her earnestness.

"So much the more disgraceful are the intrigues and amours," she returned. "Had you been sincere and frank with me at first, grieved and disappointed as I would have felt, I would have respected you the more, and loved you none the less, for the disclosure. But when, after two years of married life, I learn that the man I have loved and trusted with my whole soul, from whom I have never concealed a thought that could interest him to know, has all the time been playing a false part, vowing at the altar to love me and me alone, when he secretly loved another, my most intimate friend, thinking and caring for her, treasuring her keep-sakes as the most precious of his possessions, is it strange that when the tongue of a common gossip proclaims my shame to my face, and other evidences prove, and my own judgment now verifies, what I thought an idle tale to be true as gospel—is it strange, I say, that I should feel incensed at the deception practised upon me, at the infamous outrage of my dearest hopes, my most holy affections?"

"Margaret Kempler, tell me that all this is but a cruel pleasantry of yours to prove my heart, and that there is not a word of truth in it," he uttered, imploringly.

"A cruel pleasantry," she returned mockingly. "One does not tread upon thorns willingly. Do you pretend to deny it when I have overwhelming evidence to prove it a bitter truth? My suspicions were unwillingly aroused by rumor; then, for the first time in my life, I went to your private desk, your private drawers—locks did not stop me—and there I found your most valued and treasured keepsakes were tokens from Edith Mason. Not from the Edith Mason of to-day—for you have her, the real, under your roof—but from Edith Mason of years ago, even a braid of her hair when she could have been but a mere child. Can you deny this? And remember, too, that I have seen you together, day by day, and that glances and actions, unnoticed at the time in my stupid blindness, re-

cur to me now with terrible meaning; all these and other circumstances which are not of themselves individually trivial, cannot fail, when united, to give cogency to the one fearful conviction of my mind. For once speak the true voice of your heart, and own what I know already, that all the love you ever had to give belongs to Edith Mason."

"I will speak the truth," and he arose and stood before her; face livid, and eyes burning; there was no softness now in his tone. "I did love that girl, I do love her now, not with that unholy passion pictured by you, but with such a love and esteem as a parent has for a child, such a love as we both have for little Margery our child. Anything farther than this is a vile slander and malicious falsehood. Edith Mason is as pure as the dew of heaven yet unfallen, and to breathe a word against her fair fame is the basest of all baseness; but she is your friend, I need not defend her, she came under my roof at your invitation, has remained here as your companion." He picked up the bill from the floor, replaced it in his pocket-book, and continued. "I married you because I loved you, because I was satisfied you loved me in return, and since we were united in that bond, it has been my hourly endeavor to act so as to honor a true, kind and faithful woman. In word, in deed, in thought and gesture, I have been true and honest with you. I have kept your image so lovingly before my eyes, and your memory so constant in my heart, as to become almost an object of reproach and sarcasm to half of my intimate friends. Before we were married I told you that an impenetrable veil must for ever hide the past of my life from a living existence. I have tried to look upon that past as a dead and forgotten past; he paused to battle with the emotion that threatened to overcome him, and went on. "If that veil could be withdrawn for a moment, those things you found in my drawer would be deprived of their mystery, but this can never be done," and lines of firm determination gathered about the compressed corners of his lips—"can never be done."

"It is but just to myself that you should hear the circumstances which first aroused my mind." Mrs. Kempler then narrated the conversation she had had with their neighbor. She evinced no relenting in its recital. His words "I did and do love her" without their qualification, extinguished the last ray of hope she might have had that the rumors were unfounded. She was ready to believe that she had not heard all, to imagine that she could perceive throughout his statements a disposition to screen Edith Mason, and that was in itself an additional corroboration. What meant that picture? What those beautiful letters etched upon a shell—MY LITTLE EDITH? What that braid of hair? While these subtle queries were distilling bitterness within her soul, her lips mockingly uttered them.

"Their history," he answered, with no haste at self-justification, "belongs to the buried past."

"Why keep them at all, unless as a memento of one still dear to you?"

"I felt that I had buried them with that past," he said, and now still more bitterly than ever before he felt the sad consciousness of not being able to pour out his most secret thoughts and feelings, to withdraw that veil. If he could have told with a perfect assurance of being believed, he would have told all; but he felt too well that the aroused jealousy of his wife would now prevent him from reposing a full and generous confidence and trust in her. "I once said to myself if the time ever comes when I can disinter these relics, tell their history without a pang or a fear, I shall gain a victory over my proud spirit."

"And that time has never come," she interrupted him.

He would have continued, but his tongue was traitorous; at the next moment he could scarcely suppress his indignation at being questioned like a guilty culprit.

"You see that I read all," she resumed. "As you came into the room I was hesitating whether or no to accuse my husband. Alas! such a course I thought could never restore lost love." As she said these words, she looked at him and smiled drearily. "I hesitated whether or no to send the object of his attachment away with no explanations. I think I should have done this had you not at that moment asked me to give her that money—a service I have often performed before this without suspicion."

"Margaret!" he interrupted her, for he was now aroused to a true realization of all the bitterness and baseness of her unjust suspicions of him; moved by feelings of regret and resentment mingled, he said, "Margaret, if I could I would at this instant sever our marital vows and relations; as it is I will do all I can for this end, for you can never love, honor and obey one you think unfaithful to you. It will be far better that this should be done than to continue, as at present, to live a lie."

"Have you forgotten our child?" she asked, shudderingly.

"I have not," his voice trembled; "she is all that unites us now. For her sake—the sake of her future, her good name—an open separation ought to be avoided if possible." He stopped a moment as if lost in the deepest labyrinth of thought, and then continued. "To avoid all this, to quiet malicious tongues, and save the reputation of Edith Mason, I will leave you. I shall sail for San Francisco to-morrow afternoon."

"Richard, you will not—if you ever loved me—if you love your child, do not desert us now. I will submit to any disgrace but this."

A few moments before she had been defiant, now that she saw the marks of a resolute determination upon her husband's face, her pride implored to be spared from this last humiliation.

"Objections are useless," he said.

"But you will not leave me in anger; say that you will return soon and this miserable scene be forgotten."

"Shall I tell you when I will return?" he looked steadfastly into her eyes. "When you write me that you are ready to believe unfalteringly all that I may say in candor, whatever opposing evidence may stand before you; when you are ready to challenge and repel gross falsehoods uttered against me, until then I shall believe that my presence will be irksome to you. It is necessary for our firm to have a resident agent or partner in California. We had designed sending an agent; I shall go in his stead. It shall be for you to say how long I remain."

Mrs. Kempler's proud spirit revolted at this speech. She had been uttering scathing reproaches against him, upon what she considered just grounds, and the idea of her suing servilely for the love she imagined had never been hers, while he, indifferent and independent, stood afar off awaiting her petition—her petition whom he was proposing to abandon, this was too degrading to her pride, the tide of her feelings turned again.

"You scorn my entreaty?" she spoke proudly. "I asked you—a shame to me that I did—to remain for the sake of respectability; that would only be a contemptible shadow of respectability. I would not have you suppose,"—and she brought out the words with seething contempt—"that I shall sink to the level that these rumors have assigned you and Edith Mason. If the native dignity of my womanhood, the principles I inherit from my mother, my love for our innocent child, do not hold me back, be assured that the hope of winning your approval will not. I offer but one promise. If you choose to remain in California until I in spirit kiss your feet, and pray you to receive a love such as most men are glad to win by assiduity of attention and every pleasing art, which you renounce, and goad me by a wilful and revengeful absence, you will never see your native State until the grass grows over my grave."

Richard Kempler grew pale to his lips, but he too was proud, and his will uncurbed.

"Act your own pleasure—your anathemas against Edith Mason are unjust and unwomanly. It is more to save her reputation—to remove all grounds of scandal, that I take the course I do—before I go I shall make suitable and sufficient arrangements to maintain you in comfort, and shall confide to no one the peculiar circumstances of my departure, leaving you at liberty to act in this as in everything else, save one particular case, according to the dictates of your own good will and pleasure."

"And what may that one restriction be," she asked eagerly.

"That you shall speak nothing about this matter to Edith Mason either by word or deed until you hear from me by letter."

"Have her under my roof!—use feigned words of esteem while my inmost heart loathes her as much as it loved her before this."

"She proposes visiting a friend in the country; you can accede." His voice was calm now, with more of an entreating than a commanding tone.

"Is my request granted?"

"Certainly, if you desire it."

And that moment the little bell rang for their late tea, and they directed their steps to the dining-room and sat down at the table as usual. Edith Mason was already seated—this had been her home ever since her dearest friend Margaret Rutland had married Richard Kempler, merchant, New York. It did not escape the eyes of Edith that Margaret ate nothing, and that she spoke only to avoid the appearance of singularity. Her little tour in the country was broached, its pleasures and beneficial results conceded—she would set forth upon it in a day or two—Mr. Kempler communicated his purpose of a business visit to the Pacific coast.

"Why don't you go with him?" inquired Edith of Mrs. Kempler. "He should not go one step without me if I were in your place—only think of seeing the Sierra Nevada—the famous Yo-Semite, the Gold Hills and Silver Mines."

She received no response—a counterfeit composure spread over each face. After tea little Margery was brought up into the sitting-room by the nurse—at the sight of her father holding out his arms she almost sprang from the hold of the nurse towards him. Mrs. Kempler took up the paper and seemed absorbed in its contents. Mr. Kempler, with a word, dismissed the nurse, took his darling, and laying aside all dignity, sat down upon the carpet for a frolic.

That was a happy hour for Richard Kempler, yet an unhappy one. Taking the little one to her mother, he said:

"Margaret, in one respect I confess I envy you—this little child is a greater treasure of happiness than the world will ever give me, I fear. Do not let me keep you up longer. It is late."

Taking her little Margery, Mrs. Kempler withdrew in silence, and her husband cast himself upon the sofa, there to lie and meditate during the night. He had arisen and was busily writing at his desk, when his wife entered the room the next morning. He noticed the dark shadows under her eyes, and the tight-drawn lines about her mouth as he looked up and returned her cold yet polite "Good morning."

She made several errands about the room, and once paused as if to address him, but changed her mind.

"But a few hours more and this mockery of life will be ended," she thought to herself.

Mr. Kempler went down to breakfast, but took only a cup of coffee and a slice of toast, then selected his wardrobe to be packed, and proceeded early to his place of business. At the dinner hour he did not appear—an hour later he came into the house, and under the color of giving the nurse a present, he sought her for a final parting with his idol, little Margery. He soon returned and stood before his wife.

"It is time for me to go now, Margaret."

She did not utter a word, but looked steadily down at the floor.

"Will you write to me and let me know of little Margery?"

"If such is your wish—"

There was a silence for some moments; Mrs. Kempler was pale and composed.

"Margaret, we have both been wrong. Unfaithful and unworthy as you think me to have been, believe me, it almost kills me to part with you so coldly. Can we not say to each other, forgive and forget?"

A demon of jealousy at the word forgive whispered in her ear, "He is guilty." Her eyes, black and haughty, met his with an answer as clear as her tongue could have expressed.

"I have nothing to say."

"Nothing! A continent must separate us then for a long time—perhaps for ever."

"It was your proposal—I will not change it."

"Not if you knew you would never see me again?"

"Not if I knew I should never see you again," she returned, slowly repeating the words.

"Good-bye, Margaret."

"Good-bye," she said in return, without looking up to notice the last expression upon his countenance, as he left her presence.

An hour after this unceremonious parting, two members of the business firm of Jones, Kempler & Co. stood near the gang-plank of a steamer which was to speed its passengers on their way to the Pacific coast.

"Jones, will you give this letter to my wife Margaret Kempler?"

"I will," and he received the well-sealed missive from the hands of Mr. Kempler.

"Do it personally, and to-day."

The cry of "All aboard" separated the two partners. The letter was delivered to Mrs. Kempler, who received it with a feigned smile of complacency. She could not conceal the heaviness which was weighing her down. She was not at all eager to break the seal, and an observer would have said she already knew the contents of it, so indifferent did she appear. The handwriting of the address was too familiar for her to be mistaken—it was from her husband, and could contain nothing to relieve her heart-sickness—there is no balm to cure the wounds of a woman's heart made by inconstancy, she thought to herself.

When alone she opened it and read as follows:

MARGARET—When this letter will have been placed in your hands I shall be upon the rolling Atlantic.

What I write is intended for your eyes only! Read it attentively to the end, and I know that, with the heart which God has given you, you will then look upon Edith Mason as a dearer friend than ever. You may still, after reading this, think me unworthy, but you cannot think me unfaithful.

I am at last obliged to rend the veil which has so long hidden the past of my life, from even your eyes. I could not make the disclosures I am about to make, before you, face to face. I have wished a thousand times that I could, but the fear of losing your esteem and respect silenced my tongue; and now it is with the greatest reluctance, the deepest sense of mortification, that I place upon paper these statements.

Let me commence at the beginning, bring forth from the dusky past a true picture of a sad and bitter reality.

How clearly do I see a mother's face after so many long and eventful years? How plain do I hear her voice thrilling upon my ear—every tone and accent so familiar? How distinctly do I see that silvery sheet of water, and the little purling stream flowing from it, and the place, the very pool, she pointed out to me, where she was baptised when a girl. How well do I remember the little prayers she taught me while bended beside her. Peace to her ashes! Joy—joy to her soul for ever! How well do I remember my boyish longings, how I laid awake at night and prayed that I might be a good, if not a great man—that I might have some way opened to me to fulfil a noble destiny, and make the world, in some little degree, better for my existence.

Time sped on—I grew to manhood—my disposition developed itself—my temper was—ah! I fear I should say, is—unsubdued—my impulses uncontrolled. Before I was twenty-one years of age I was married—in four short years two little girls raised their eyes to me as their father. You never imagined, Margaret, that I had this story locked within my heart, but I will not weary you with a recital of the various scenes that came before me— suffice it to say that the rule of right, rather than the exception, governed my actions—true, I had great faults, of which I thought but little, while I prided myself on my truthfulness, and on the absence from my nature of all that was small and selfish.

I will pass over all others and proceed now with the one event which has overshadowed my whole existence, from the day of its occurrence down to the present time.

Back! memory—to the day and the hour—bring up from the grave of the past that morning freighted with so much woe.

It was near nine o'clock in the morning of the last day of December, in the year 18—, I remember it well. I was walking down State street, in Boston—having been commissioned to that city as an agent to dispose of a consignment of crude petroleum from one of the Pennsylvania oil regions.

Do you not believe, Margaret, that there is a destiny which rules from the cradle to the grave—that its imperceptible yet immutable laws are effecting their specific and certain changes daily and hourly? Note me through—look back at your own life. You can but believe it.

I had disposed of the oil to a well-known business firm, and by a remittance forwarded the proceeds of the sale to the shippers, after deducting barely enough for my personal and travelling expenses.

As I was upon the very point of setting out upon my return trip, I accidentally met a villain—I can use no more faithful word—named Marley, who,



in a business transaction years before, had defrauded me of five thousand dollars, all the money I was possessed of. Heretofore I had been unable to obtain any traces of him. My first thought was to hand him over to the custody of an officer. I thought again: "He is older than I am, and perhaps among friends who will believe him in preference to me, and are my proofs ready at hand?"

I did not have him arrested, but found myself listening as he told me that his ill-gotten gains had melted like snow under the rays of a vertical sun, barely lasting him a year's revel in New Orleans. He had returned to Boston—his old home—he said; had been upon the Grand Jury the six months previous—had been dabbling in stocks—was establishing a credit, the same as he had done years before when a Washington street merchant.

I know not how it was, but I found myself a ready listener to the dishonest scheme which he gradually unrolled, and which was to culminate in his buying as heavily as possible—upon short credit—and make a mercantile failure, the same as he had done years before.

Perhaps it was because he so faithfully promised to redeem his old obligations that made me listen and promise in return that I would wait and not molest him with any legal proceedings. I looked back at the happiness I had anticipated in rearing and educating my two little girls, and remembered it had been rudely torn asunder by the former wicked deceptions of this same man. He had made "sorrow and disappointment handmaids at my bedside, famine and poverty guests at my table," and it is so great a wonder that I should be listening and secretly wishing he might be successful, so that he could restore my little fortune?

How true it is that vice in its true light is so deformed, that it shocks us at first sight, and would hardly ever seduce us did it not wear the mantle of virtue.

I was infatuated at the thought of getting back my honest dues, and gradually schooled myself to think I was doing right to secure from this man this indebtedness, no matter how he obtained the money.

One day he proffered me stocks amounting to forty-five hundred dollars, to cancel the obligation spoken of. I took them, without hesitation; and seeking to stultify my conscience, I did not ask him how he obtained them; yet, at the same time, I knew—or thought I knew—he had purchased them without any intention of paying for them; he intimated the same to me. Yet I did not return them, and therein consisted my guilt and in nothing more. I had deliberately received those stocks from him, knowing they had been obtained wrongfully.

Disguise it as best I could, I also felt guilty of the wrong perpetrated.

I turned part of the property into gold, yet I could not bear to touch it—its inherent attraction seemed changed into a repulsion. I sealed the bag and sent it by express to another State and followed it.

Arriving at my destination I sat down, without going to the express office, meditating whether the possession of this treasure would not be a source of misery rather than pleasure. He had paid it to me to cancel an honest indebtedness, I argued. Hesitating and uneasy, not knowing what to do, I picked up a paper. I am thus explicit, because I want you to know all. I fancied I could see nothing from top to the bottom of the sheet but one paragraph over and over again:

"He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but whose confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy."

One impulse urged me to stifle such thoughts. Another, to restore the ill-gotten property. Oh, if it could be restored, and I relieved of these self-accusations, I would be a happy man, I thought.

While my soul was engaged in this conflict, a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and I was told by an officer that I must consider myself in custody and await a warrant and requisition from Boston.

At once volunteered, and did return to that city without either a warrant or requisition. I heartily wanted the ill-gotten treasure restored to its proper owners. Little did I imagine to what a boiling and seething caldron I was hastening.

I was taken into the police court, and there stood the man, Marley—arraigned as a criminal—who had so lately in the same halls of justice, as a grand juror, passed judgment upon his fellow-man, and I was supposed to be his accomplice.

The web was then unrolled before my eyes, and I saw that instead of purchasing—as he told me he had done—he had procured upon forged checks thirteen thousand dollars' worth of stocks.

It was developed that he had purchased stocks several times in a legitimate manner, paying therefor in bank checks certified; afterwards he had purchased personally three different bank checks of the denomination of twenty-five dollars each, and that the twenty-five had been carefully extracted, by means of acids, and five thousand inserted in each cheque, and thus he procured the stocks and bonds—a part of which he had paid me.

I saw myself entangled in a combination of circumstances, small in themselves, yet enough to have the finger of suspicion pointed at me; a part of the proceeds of a forgery was found in my possession. My heart sunk within me and was full of fear; in vain did I stand at my prison door and assert my innocence—an ominous shake of the head was all the encouragement I received.

I essayed again and again to explain all I knew, hoping some one would listen to me; but as often as I sent forth the dove of hope, so often did it come back with no olive branch—no promise of a shore.

A day was fixed for the trial of us both. Days dragged slowly along, and weeks. At last the day came, and I was placed in the prisoners' box for trial, without counsel, penniless and friendless.

Marley had formerly been a wholesale and retail merchant in that same city; had many friends and relatives of power and influence; and with their aid, assisted by two eminent lawyers, he succeeded in making the Government counsel think he was but a mere dupe or tool of mine. There was no possibility of his escaping the penalty of his crime except by this course; therefore they represented that he received the forged cheques of me, he was to plead guilty of uttering them, go upon the stand as a witness, convict me of forging them, and then get a suspension of sentence on the plea of assisting the Government. This was to be the price of his perjury, and for this end he spared neither wealth nor influence—and he succeeded. Why should he not have succeeded? The six months' experience as a grand juror alone gave him sufficient knowledge of the quibbles or evasions of the laws.

His evidence was, that he purchased the original bank checks of twenty-five dollars each, carried them to me and that I altered them to five thousand dollars each, when he again took them and procured the stocks and bonds, and gave me forty-five hundred dollars' worth of them, while he retained the balance for himself. An expert was found who was quite positive from a comparison that the handwriting in the checks was mine. Had not the handwriting of Marley been studiously withheld it would have been too apparent that he was the author of all the writing produced in court, with the exception of two letters which I acknowledged to have written to my little girls a year before. I had no defence! I arose, my trembling limbs and voice spoke too plainly of the pent-up anguish in my heart—yet these uncontrollable emotions were seized upon and portrayed as symbols of guilt. I simply asked each witness in turn if he had ever seen me before, or ever heard a single word against my reputation as an honest man, to which they all emphatically replied "No." I could only say more that I was entirely innocent of that forgery.

The jury retired for a verdict. Can you imagine the feelings of a drowning man who clings for dear life to a rotten rope, and feeling it part strand after strand, sees a fearful death before him? Then you can imagine my feelings as I waited for the verdict of that jury. It came at last, and that word—Guilty—is still like knells ringing in my ears. There is no need that I should describe my feelings to you, Margaret, to whom I write these pages of troubled memories; then it was that I wanted a real friend to stand up and proclaim aloud against the injustice done me.

Have you never felt, from the days of your childhood, while traversing the pathways of life, have you not at some time felt that a friendly word from some one would have fallen like dew upon the arid sands of your thirsty heart? None came to me. I asked myself can this be life, or is it a dream? I wished I could lay my head down at night, and that its resting-place would be the grave. If a dream, the reality was a sad awakening; sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment.

I had let none of my friends know of the calamity which had overtaken me. I knew that the shock of a great misfortune always shivers every false sentiment, and silences all feigned words, while at the same time it only brings out in added strength the true and natural affections. It would be useless to call upon my summer friends. I had only one true friend, an old mother, and I would sooner have let the rack of torture rend every bone in my body than let her know of my disgrace.

I entered the walls of a prison—a convict—and the grated doors that swung upon their massive hinges seemed like closing me in a tomb of living death. Upon my entrance to my narrow cell, scarcely any larger than will be my grave, hardly room enough before its iron cot to sink upon my knees and cry to the Father of Mercies for help and consolation; upon my entrance to that cell I fell down upon my knees and prayed earnestly, as my mother had taught me when a child, that God would take the bitter cup from me. Space will not allow me to unveil all the painful experiences of my prison life. A jury had pronounced me guilty of a crime. My assertions of innocence were now treated with indifference, or a curling lip silently proclaimed an immovable disbelief; no one imagined or thought of the possibility of my being innocent, even when I attested it from the very depths of my soul. Ah! how harshly this grated against my pride of having always had at least one virtue in its purity, truthfulness. I was almost ready at times to say I did commit the crime, to acknowledge anything I might be charged with, rather than have my words received with such cold distrust.

Hours I sat, my mind busied with the wicked questionings of God's purposes in thus afflicting me. What His own plan to bring me to Himself, to lead me to some higher good? The same sun that hardens clay softens wax. While many around me were cursing the consequences of their crimes, not its committal, I was secretly pouring out my heart that this affliction might make me a better man.

In looking at the past, what was most oppressive and most agonizing to my mind was thinking of my two little girls; their innocent and confiding reliance on me, and the shock their sensitive natures would receive, recoiling at the thoughts of being a convict's daughters; becoming the especial and unprotected objects of a libertine's arts; the finger of scorn pointing them out; or malice with ready sneer crimsoning their faces in coming years, because of a father's disgrace. I thought hundreds of times I could hear their voices repeating their little prayer—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep," &c.

Think you, Margaret, I could cease to love them, even though I was disgraced and dishonored? No! as long as there is a pulsation of my heart I shall love them and their memories.

At last after long, long years of laborious toil I was set free. But where should I go? To whom could I look for an encouraging word? Had I once a home? it was now a lonely ruin. Had I a wife? she hearkened to the voice of evil rumor. Had I children? they would scorn to call me father. I was actually degraded and despised; the circles which once contained all my sympathies were now for ever closed against me. For years I had not even beheld the stars of heaven; for years I had not heard one gentle tone—one cheering, kindly word.

I went to the Golden State, and in time amassed a competence. I returned to my native place; strange faces filled every familiar window; no one knew me. I sought for my wife; she had been dead years. I wound my way with heavy footsteps to the village graveyard. I followed slowly behind the old silver-haired church sexton as he led the way and pointed out the graves of those I once had known; some of them had been my schoolboy companions. In one corner he pointed out two sunken graves; not even a slab or board noted their names.

"There," he said, "are the graves of the wife and daughter of ———, a convict."

Little did that old man imagine I was the one whose real name he had uttered.

"There," said he again, pointing to another mound near, "lies his mother."

I sank down upon the ground, and with the silent inner voice of agony called upon the mountains to fall down and crush me, and upon the earth to gape and take me in. The constellations were glimmering in the distance before I left that spot—that sacred spot of the earth's ground, but why should I linger upon these scenes?

One child, a small frail girl when I saw her last, was still alive. I searched for her, far and near, quietly and perseveringly; I met you, and—

"O'er the bitter, bitter past  
You flung a garland sweet."

In time we were married. Need I tell you now, Margaret, that Edith Mason is my daughter. Yes! I am he who was once James Mason; the Legislature of California upon reasonable grounds changed my name to Richard Kempler. Need I tell you now those things you found in my private desk are what I used to identify that same Edith Mason—your old friend and companion—as my daughter.

No one is more thoroughly ignorant of all these facts than herself, and to no one have I ever told this story but you, Margaret Kempler. My task is now done; after this frank confession, if you deem me unworthy to be your husband you can in time procure a divorce upon the grounds of a wilful desertion, and in that case, I shall settle all of my property equally upon you, Edith Mason, and our little Margery. You can address at the Occidental Hotel, San Francisco,

I am as ever, truly yours,  
RICHARD KEMPLER.

One dark and desponding morning of our late national trials, the country was startled by an electric flash from the Pacific shores—"California sends one hundred thousand dollars in gold to relieve the wounded loyal soldiers of the old Union." This was before the era of Sanitary Fairs; that message sent a thrill of joy throughout the land, and carried relief to the hearts of thousands. Another message went over the wires that same day carrying joy to one heart in that land of gold. It read as follows:

MR. RICHARD KEMPLER,  
Occidental House,  
San Francisco, Cal.

Forgive and forget. Come home immediately. Our Edith will be married at our house. She knows all.  
MARGARET KEMPLER.

#### THE OLD PROVINCE HOUSE.

On page 157 is a sketch representing the configuration of the old Province House at Boston, Mass., on the evening of Oct. 25th. The building has been occupied for a long time past as a negro minstrel opera house by Messrs. Morris Brothers, Pell & Crowbridge. It was built in 1679 by Peter Sargeant, Esq., one of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of his day in New England. At that time, and for many years afterwards, it rejoiced in the most commodious and elegant surroundings. It stood upon a large lot of land, and was approached by a high flight of massive stone steps and through a magnificent doorway. The history of the estate, though brief, is eventful. It first passed out of the possession of Mr. Sargeant into that of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, and during the continuance of the Provincial Government it was used as a residence by various successive Governors. When the Revolution came, in 1775, and Washington had expelled from Boston the British forces under Gen. Gage, it was used for the transaction of business by the local town officers. As late as 1816 it was granted to the Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital, by whom it was subsequently leased to D. S. Greenough, Esq., for a term of 99 years. Since then the house has been used for a variety of purposes.

In the course of years it had lost the elegance of its surroundings, and only retained a dim and lessening flavor of antiquity. New and lofty buildings surrounding it on all sides kept it hidden from public view. The approach to it was through a narrow archway, opening on the north side of Washington street, and leading into a small courtyard in front of the building. From this courtyard another archway opened into a secluded street behind the house. Our sketch, of course, presents the modern aspect of the building, it having been changed somewhat and remodelled as to the interior, in 1851. The curious reader will find an excellent description of its old-time magnificence in Cooper's novel of "Lionel Lincoln; or, the Siege of Boston." In Hawthorne's "Twice Told Tales," also, will be found several interesting legends of the old house, together with a description of it, from which we extract the following passages:

"One afternoon last summer, while walking along Washington street, my eye was attracted by a signboard protruding over a narrow archway, nearly opposite the old South Church. The sign represented the front of a stately edifice, which was designated as the 'Old Province House, kept by Thomas Waite.' I was glad to be thus reminded of a purpose, long entertained, of

visiting and rambling over the mansion of the old royal Governors of Massachusetts; and entering the arched passage, which penetrated through the middle of a brick row of shops, a few steps transported me from the busy heart of modern Boston into a small and secluded courtyard. One side of this space was occupied by the square front of the Province House, three stories high, and surmounted by a cupola, on the top of which a gilded Indian was disceivable, with his bow bent and his arrow on the string, as if aiming at the vestercock on the spire of the old South. The figure has kept this attitude for seventy years or more, ever since good Deacon Drowne, a cunning carver of wood, first stationed him on his long sentinel's watch over the city.

The Province House is constructed of brick, which seems recently to have been overlaid with a coat of light colored paint. A flight of red freestone steps, fenced in by a balustrade of curiously wrought iron, ascends from the courtyard to the spacious porch, over which is a balcony, with an iron balustrade of silver pattern and workmanship to that beneath. These letters and figures—16 P. S. 79—are wrought into the ironwork of the balcony, and probably express the date of the edifice, with the initials of its founder's name. A wide door, with double leaves, admitted me into the hall or entry, on the right of which is the entrance to the bar-room.

"It was in this apartment, I presume, that the ancient Governors held their levees, with vice-regal pomp, surrounded by the military men, the councillors, the judges and other officers of the crown, while all the locality of the province thronged to do them honor. But the room, in its present condition, cannot boast even of faded magnificence. The painted wainscot is covered with dingy paint, and acquires a dusky hue from the deep shadow into which the Province House is thrown by a brick block that shuts it in from Washington street. A ray of sunshine never visits this apartment any more than the glare of the festal torches, which have been extinguished from the era of the Revolution. The most venerable and ornamental object in the room is a piece set round with Dutch tiles of blue-glazed China, representing scenes from Scripture; and, for aught I know, the lady of Fownall or Barnard may have been beside this fireplace and told her children the story of each blue tile. To confess the truth, I was forced to draw strenuously upon my imagination, in order to find aught that was interesting in a house which, without its historic associations, would have seemed merely such a tavern as is usually favored by the custom of decent city barkeepers and old-fashioned country-gentlemen. The chambers, which were probably spacious in former times, are now cut up by partitions, and subdivided into little nooks, each affording scanty room for the narrow bed, and chair, and dressing-table of a single lodger. The great staircase, however, may be termed, without much hyperbole, a feature of grandeur and magnificence. It winds through the midst of the house by flights of broad steps, each flight terminating in a square landing-place, whence the ascent is continued towards the cupola. A carved balustrade, freshly painted in the lower story, but growing dingier as we ascend, borders the staircase with its quantity twisted and intertwined pillars, from top to bottom. Up these stairs the military boots, or perchance the gait shoes, of many a Governor have trodden, as the wearers mounted to the cupola, which afforded them so wide a view over their metropolis and the surrounding country. The cupola is an octagon, with several windows, and a door opening upon the roof. From this station, as I pleased myself with imagining, I can have beheld his disastrous victory on Bunker Hill (unless one of the tri-mountains intervenes), and how have marked the approaches of Washington's besieging army; although the buildings, since erected in the vicinity, have shut out almost every object, save the steeple of the old South, which seems almost within arm's length. Descending from the cupola, I peered in the garret to observe the ponderous white oak framework, so much more massive than the frames of modern houses, and thereby resembling an antique skeleton. The brick walls, the materials of which were imported from Holland, and the timbers of the mansion are still as sound as ever; but the floors and other interior parts being greatly decayed, it is contemplated to gut the whole and build a new house within the ancient frame and brick work. Among other inconveniences of the present edifice, mine host mentioned that any jar or motion was apt to shake down the dust of ages out of the ceiling of one chamber upon the floor of that beneath it."

#### SCENE AT DUTCH GAP CANAL.

A SKETCH on our first page illustrates the somewhat animating circumstances under which our laborers are prosecuting their work on the Dutch Gap Canal. Last week we gave a picture of the canal and of Howlett's battery, on the north shore of the James river, whence the rebels throw shells, to annoy and harass our workmen. In our present sketch is seen the advent of one of these hostile messengers, and the consequent rapid-prudence of our men, who are taking refuge to caves dug in the earth. Many lives are saved by this means. Whenever a shell is seen hurtling through the air, our men take to cover in their caves, and wait there till the shell has fallen and exploded, and the danger is past.

#### THE PRIZE STEAMER WANDO.

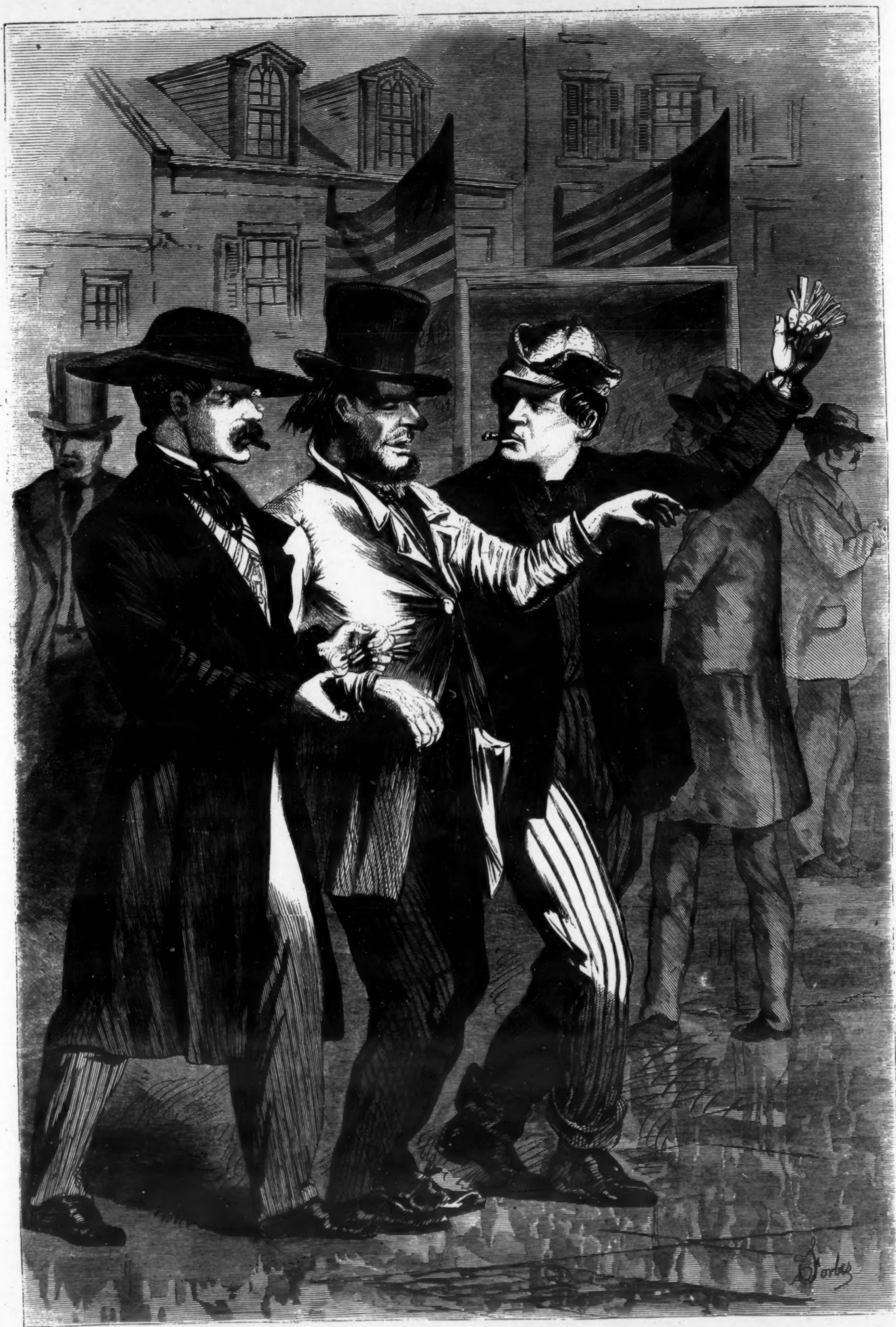
A SKETCH of this celebrated blockade-runner appears on page 145, furnished by our Special Artist at Boston, in the harbor of which city the Wando is now anchored. She is better known as the *Let-Her-Rip*. She was engaged in the regular business of running the blockade at Wilmington, N. C., and conveying cotton to Nassau, whence she procured and brought back supplies to the rebels. She left Wilmington for her last voyage, blockade-runner, on the evening of the 20th of Oct., having on board a cargo of 600 bales of cotton, bound for Nassau. At the very outlet, she was discovered, and attacked by the entire blockading fleet on that station. It was a very dark night, however, and favored by the darkness and by her great speed, she ran the gauntlet and got safely to sea. Thereupon the U. S. steamer *Fort Jackson*, Capt. B. F. Sands, was headed South by East, and kept running all night under a full head of steam. At daylight, on October 24th, the Wando was discovered, off the port beam, about five miles away, when the *Fort Jackson* immediately gave chase. The pursuit lasted for several hours, until, at length, about eight o'clock, A. M., the *Fort Jackson* opened fire upon the flying rebel, at long range, with 100 pound rifle gun, and a forward 30-pounder. The firing continued until half-past ten A. M., when the Wando surrendered, in Lat. 31 deg. 35 min. N., and Long. 76 deg. 49 min. W. Ninety-eight shells were thrown at all. The prize is an ironclad, of about 600 tons, painted white, and is a swift sailer. Her value, including cargo, is estimated at \$500,000. On being captured, she was taken to Fort Monroe, and thence to Boston.

The following is a list of the officers in charge of the prize: Acting-Knight Smith K. Hopkins, Tutor, Master's Mate H. S. C. Eyring, Asst. Surg. John A. Hill, Asst. Engineer John A. Hill, Asst. Engineer W. M. Prentiss, Asst. Engineer W. M. Prentiss, Asst. Engineer W. M. Prentiss.

Her captor, the *Fort Jackson*, is a 2,000 ton ship, carrying a heavy armament, and reputed to be the swiftest sailer in the U. S. Navy, excepting, perhaps, the *Vanderbilt*.

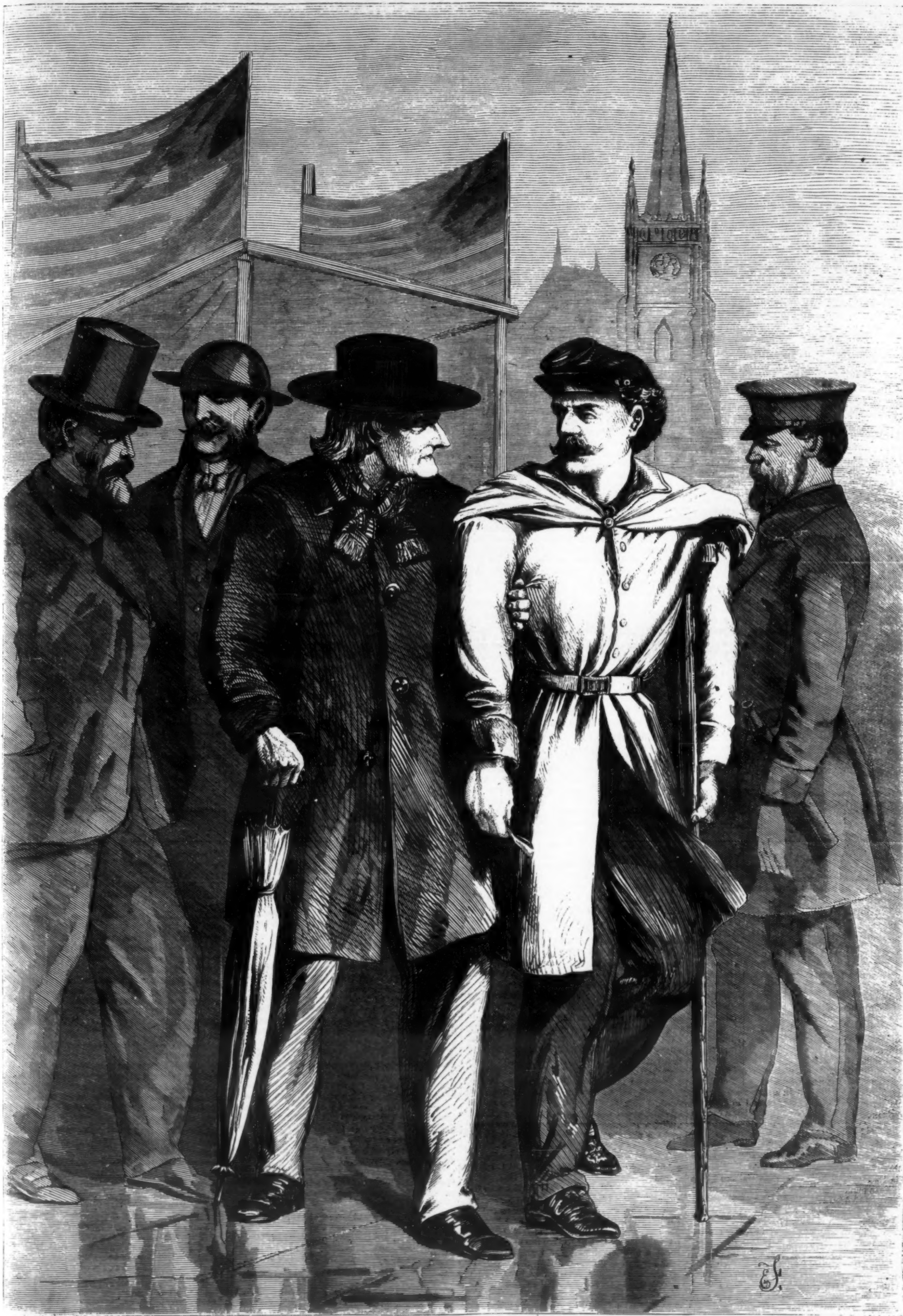
MENTION is made of a German metaphysical student who tried to read the works of John Stuart Mill, but gave up in disgust, because the English philosopher proved too clear for him.





THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION OF 1864—SCENE AT THE POLLS IN N. Y.—A VOTER IN THE HANDS OF THE PHILISTINES.





THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION OF 1864—SCENE AT THE POLLS IN N. Y.—THE VETERANS OF 1812 AND 1864.



## THE OLD FOLKS.

I NEVER shall tell who the old folks were,  
 'Tis a wasting of time and breath  
 To give you the names of the humble pair;  
 Who have passed through the courts of death;  
 But the cot on the lot on the top of the hill,  
 Near the spot where I just have cried,  
 'Tis the lot where the old folks toiled and  
 lived;  
 And the cot where the old folks died  
 Is dearer far to my weary heart  
 Than the dearest spot of earth;  
 For that was the cot on the lot on the hill  
 Where the old folks gave me birth.  
 There's a slab near the cot on the lot on the  
 hill,  
 That will tell to the traveller there  
 When the old folks passed through the gates  
 of death,  
 And the names of the humble pair.  
 When I tire of the toils and the cares of life,  
 Oh, then at the spot where I cried,  
 Near the cot let me sleep on the top of the hill,  
 Nestled down by the old folks' side.

## NINA MARSH;

OR,

## THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

## CHAPTER XXVII.—THE DOVE RETURNS TO HER NEST.

A FORTNIGHT passed quietly at Beechwood. A species of sombre tranquillity reigned in the house. Mr. Marsh was calm but stern, spoke little to any one, and never to Nina, unless it were to answer the morning and evening greetings she made it her duty to offer. Mrs. Marsh, who was of a most sanguine, unimpressionable nature, had thrown off her melancholy without an effort, and was as placid in her plattitudes, as benignant in her bearing, as she had ever been. We cannot describe Madame's feelings, simply because she had none. Her nature was incomplete. She was not conscious of her own defects; few of us are; but if she had been gifted with the power to see herself as others saw her, she was much too apathetic to have profited by the knowledge. She worked on at her roses and lilies, blending fire and snow on her canvas with a practised hand, and she did not see then, or realise afterwards, that she had been toying at the mouth of a volcano.

But the two who really suffered bravely and silently, but most terribly, were Nina and Captain Marsh. Nina had a restless, vivid color in her cheeks, and a dazzling brightness in her eyes. This crisis gave her feverish strength, instead of prostrating her energies. She saw no hope, and yet she hoped, clinging excitedly to a frail reed of consolation she knew would break in her hands directly she put its efficiency to the test. She counted the hours mournfully as they passed. She kept awake at night in order that she might feel and realise thoroughly every minute of freedom left to her. Even when she slumbered from pure exhaustion it was only fitfully. She would start and arouse at the slightest sound, and her faculties were never so obscured by sleep that she could not begin her sufferings anew the instant she awoke. She never shunned Cyril, nor did he shun her. They met quietly, talked together on different subjects with bursting hearts, and kept up valiantly the farce of indifference, whilst each knew it to be such a miserable lie. It was hard to say which was the calmer of the two. Cyril's calmness was the calmness of despair, Nina's of desperation. Captain Marsh knew the worst of his fate, and was suffering as much as he believed he could ever have to suffer. But Nina's present sorrow was of that nature which stimulates rather than deadens, for it united anticipation to realization; so that the old wound, instead of being left to heal, or even to mortify, was kept open and raw, besides being threatened every minute with a deeper stab.

Now she had Cyril with her—Cyril, who was more precious to her than her life; but in dark future days she would be infinitely worse than alone. She felt to her heart's core the coming degradation. To live as the wife of a man she despised and mistrusted, what could be more demoralising, more hopeless, more terrible?

But in the midst of her own trouble—and this should buy her pardon for some errors—Nina never forgot one who was also in trouble. Ben Oldum was nearly mad with his grief at Rose Woodman's sudden fall. The poor girl had been entangled in such a cruel snare by her unscrupulous enemies that even her lover, longing to doubt her guilt, could find no reasonable excuse. He might have been more easily consoled if she had given him an honest rival in an honest way. He could have pardoned fickleness, and humbly acknowledged that Rose's beauty gave her a certain right to expect a better home than he could offer her; but to forsake him and his true, tender love for a licentious despot who had nothing to recommend him but his coronet, this was what Ben could not forgive or forget.

He took to the Red Lion convivialities like a desperate man. His care lay deep, and he had to drink deep to drown it. But his potations neither sharpened nor deadened his faculties, only hardened them. From a mild, pliable man, of silent nature and strong affections, Ben became a stubborn, loquacious cynic, and a taproom orator of some local standing. He would have given all his fame for a little happiness. But we all know Marmontel's apothegm—*Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a*. This alternative occurs to most of us. We may put it in rough language, but the theory is the same. Some instinct teaches us that hope is the parent of vitality, and therefore, if we cannot find it in one direction we must seek it in another, and make ourselves satisfied with the result, even if it should be but a very mean portion of our desires. This

principle of substitution is very congenial to our natures, and to do it justice, it cures many evils which the most resolute stoicism could never touch.

Not that Ben's malady was cured by any such means. It might have been later, but only at the expense of right feeling, self-respect and moral integrity, as the alternative he had chosen was of a doubtful character. To take real pleasure in his bucolic triumphs, he must buy them at a dear price. But he was fast degenerating. Every day he lost some of his old sensitiveness and scrupulousness. He grew keen at a bargain. By threatening to leave her he frightened the old dame into a promise that she would board and lodge him for a certain sum weekly, the sum being so small that it barely covered his share of the household expenses, and left the rent entirely to her own devices. She submitted silently to his exactions, because she hoped every day to regain her influence over him. But every day he became more reckless and desperate, more sullenly determined to have his own way. The dame grew dispirited. This was by no means the consummation she had plotted and planned. Her picture had been of a Ben subdued by suffering, patient and docile, very grateful to her for her services, and unconditionally liberal with his wages. But the reverse of the medal was hardly to her taste—Ben domineering, discontented, and harsh, stinting her in order to enrich mine host of the Red Lion, and so bitter and irritable that he would hardly allow her to have an opinion of her own. The dame began to think that Rose's mild, benignant sovereignty had been more advantageous to her than this unruly republic, where disorder was the order of the day. She would have liked to recall Rose, and welcome her back to her old kingdom; but it was too late. She had married, but she could not mend. The confession she must make to her son before she could satisfy him of Rose's innocence would prevent her from having any profit out of the new state of things. Ben had grown a dangerous character since his disappointment, and was not to be defied. She had seen a look in his eyes at times which had made even her quail. She was not easily frightened, but somehow she did tremble daily in Ben's presence, and longed as eagerly to get rid of him as she had once longed to keep him. She had a certain capital; it was not money, and yet it brought her in money, and paid an excellent dividend. She determined to realise this, convert it into one large sum, and quietly take her departure to a distant country, there to live luxuriously on the fruits of her cruelty and cunning. But the dame's bright day of power was waning fast, and the dark hour of retribution drew near.

Nina did not wish to go near Mrs. Oldum's cottage; she therefore sent for Ben up to the manor-house. Her messenger was curiously dismissed by the surly old dame, and referred to the Red Lion for further intelligence. He adjourned there immediately, nothing loth, for an errand to the public-house is generally appreciated by young men of a sociable turn—and Jim Stokes was sociable, too much so, as Eliza Wells often hinted.

"She was fond of society herself," she said, "but then she never forgot her decent limits. If she went out one night, she could stop at home the next contentedly."

But then unfortunately, Jim was so constituted that the taste of pleasure which would satisfy her only just whetted his appetite, and gave him a longing for more. The oftener he went out the oftener he wanted to go out. All the personal and pecuniary inducements Eliza had to offer had no effect upon him now. They had swayed him for a time, but a relapse soon followed, which was worse than the original attack. He fell off, and fell out with Eliza. Eliza called Jim a drunkard, and Jim, gathering all insults into one, stung her with the injurious and unpardonable epithet of "a dried-up old maid."

At this juncture Eliza went into hysterics, as in duty bound, and Jim started exultant on his errand, fully determined that his commission should carry him not only past but into the Red Lion. When, therefore, Dame Oldum reluctantly and assentually acknowledged to Ben's presence in the ale-house parlor, Jim felt personally indebted to him for legitimising his intentions, and darted down the hill at an eager pace.

He found Ben in all the excitement of a fiery debate. He was advocating the rights of the people; he was crushing a bloated aristocracy, in the same way that you would crush a venomous reptile obstructing your path. He was cursing the ministers; defying the Queen; consigning all the parsons to perdition: abolishing capital punishment; cutting up the rich men's parks, to make them into gardens for the poor; bringing high and low to one level, both in purse and person; and altogether instituting such reforms, and instituting them with so little effort, that his auditors looked upon him as a man destined to make a great noise in the world, as well as the taproom.

Jim came in for the fag-end of his oration, and sat down very patiently to await until the flow of words should subside. Presently Ben paused, moistened his throat with a draught of amber ale, and listened for a dissentient voice. But none came; so he wiped his heated brow on his coat-sleeve with a complacent air, and just then happening to catch Jim's eye, he nodded to him, with a smile that almost expressed his thought, "Am I not a fine fellow now I've turned patriot and orator?" Jim did not feel quite inclined to acknowledge this superiority, and as Ben's eye still dwelt on him inquiringly, he made his way to the upper end of the room, and delivered his message in an audible aside.

"Miss Nina wants to see you at the house, if it's convenient to you to come."

Ben paused in his decision. Here was the time to make a grand effect, and practise the doctrine he had preached. Nina Marsh, the

squire's daughter, was, in the eyes of all present, a member of the bloated aristocracy he had just been crying down with a vengeance. By sending her an insolent answer he would show the consistency of his principles, and make a lasting impression on his auditors. But then he thought of Nina's sad, sweet face, and beautiful eyes, and all the rough chivalry in Ben's nature was aroused.

"You can tell Miss Nina I'm coming, if you get there before me," he said, in a loud, assured tone; and he marched straight out, unheeding the sneers of his enemies and the reproaches of his friends.

When he reached the manor-house he was conducted to Mrs. Trent's room. The stately housekeeper, whom Ben now confronted for the first time, was a more formidable person by far than her young mistress. Ben suffered agonies of diffidence. He turned his cap round and round; he examined the lining with peculiar earnestness; then he stared into vacancy with troubled eyes. Mrs. Trent exerted herself to put him at his ease. But there was something so dignified in the very folds of her black silk dress, so much serious grace in her manner, that Ben might have thought himself in the presence of a duchess if he had not known better. Still he could not get over the awe with which her air of sedate nobility inspired him, and he was truly relieved when she got up from her seat, saying she heard Miss Nina coming, and would go to another room till they had finished their business together.

She was almost immediately replaced by Nina herself. Nina came towards Ben with a gentle, sad smile on her lips, and bade him reseal himself, kindly. Ben dropped into his seat with a gigantic "plop," which made the china on the mantelpiece tinkle harmoniously.

"You needn't look so startled, Ben," said Nina, drawing her chair nearer to the fire; "I have nothing but good news for you."

Ben shook his head incredulously.

"If I were to tell you that poor Rose was most innocent and most ill-treated, shouldn't you be able to believe me without proofs?"

"I should know, miss, you didn't tell a lie knowingly, but—"

"You would be sure that I had made a mistake?"

"I should, miss."

"I am grateful to have it in my power to clear Rose's character, and show it now, as it always was, without a stain."

And then she told him all—unbared that iniquitous plot between Lord Gillingham and Dame Oldum, which had proved so fatal to the happiness of two innocent lovers. Ben listened steadily all through, but when she had finished he sprang off his seat, threw his cap into the air three times, and regularly hurrahed at the top of his sonorous voice. Then, having given his feelings vent, he sat down again, looking confused at his own transports, and begged Nina's pardon humbly.

"Never mind, Ben," she kindly answered. "I expected something of the sort, and I should have been ill-satisfied if your politeness had been stronger than your feelings at such a time as this."

But Ben had cooled a little now, and found room for a doubt.

"He mightn't have been lying, miss, might he? I know his lordship ain't in no wise particular about such things. Perhaps he wanted to curry favor with you, and thought it would be as well to get Rose off his mind. Suchlike as me, having no scholarship, would be beat for a trick, but you're sure his lordship would be clever at his wickedness, and find some learning to help him."

"No, I am positive that he told me the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. He would have kept it from me if he could; but when he found that I suspected him, and could not be deceived again, he confessed, unwillingly, his horrible plot against poor Rose, and tried to brave it out. But, if you feel any doubt upon the point, you may as well go to Lord Gillingham yourself. He can have no possible motive for deception now."

"No, I couldn't trust myself with him," said Ben, fiercely. "I should mail him to death, I know I should."

"Then, perhaps, you had better hear what your mother says about it. I don't believe she will confess, mind; but still, by taking her unawares, you may get enough out of her to satisfy you as to the truth of my story."

"It isn't that I doubt your word, miss—"

"I know you don't, Ben; but it is difficult for you to realise your new happiness. I can understand that. But see your mother, and if you hear nothing from her that is satisfactory come back to me, and I will try to get you the proofs you want. But be good enough not to mention my name at all in the business. Dame Oldum will certainly guess that it was I who told you all this; but I am running some risk in serving you, and the best return you can make me is to refuse to answer any questions Dame Oldum may ask concerning me, and also to make poor little Rose happy as your wife."

"I'll cut my tongue out before she shall know you told me anything."

"She must know, on account of Stokes having been to the house to ask for you; but I would not provoke her needlessly, nor must you."

"I could curse her with my whole heart, though she's the mother that gave me birth. But I won't, Miss Nina—I promise you, I won't."

"And now about Rose?" said Nina, smiling, as she moved towards the door.

"If she's all you say, miss, I take my solemn oath she shall never have a misery I make."

And Ben went away, and never remembered until weeks afterwards that he had not thanked Nina for her gracious services. But just now he had only one thought, and that possessed his whole soul, burning, raging, beating within him like a tumultuous flame. Where was his cant now about a bloated aristocracy, the rights of the people, the duties of the great? The world

was to him one great garden blushing with fruits, blossoming with flowers, brilliant with sunshine. He saw no snake in the grass, no trace of venom in the brown fertile sod. There was no wrong or oppression in his flowery Eden, no sound of wailing, none of those bitter cries that are won from the wan lips of the starving. All was bright, beautiful and blooming, for poor Ben's honest heart was blessed with the renewed gift of love and hope.

He strode up the hill, dewy and thick with mist, and crossed the threshold of his own door with an eager bound. The bareness and desolation of the little room as he entered it struck him with a sudden chill. All the china ornaments from the mantelpiece were gone, there was a gap at the fireside where his mother's armchair used to stand, all the pictures had disappeared from the walls, the bed in the alcove was denuded of draperies—in fact, the whole aspect of the place was at once solemn and forlorn, dreary and chill.

He was wondering over all this in a vague, obtuse way, when the inner door opened, and Dame Oldum suddenly confronted him.

"Well," she said, in a tone of repressed astonishment, "what brings you home so early to-night?"

But he fixed on her such a fierce, stern eye, that she paused and quailed.

"I'm come for a bit of news," he answered, noting her fear with savage joy. "You've made a beast and a brute of me with your plotting and planning; and now, perhaps, you'll have the goodness to mend my manners by telling me what you and my lord have done with Rose."

"Done with Rose!" began the dame, scornfully, but she soon faltered and was silent.

Ben did not look much as if he meant to be fooled, and it was easy to guess from his manner that he knew almost as much as she could tell him. A full confession would not harm her. She was leaving the cottage in a couple of days, and was already deep in her preparations for departure. It did not signify to her who lived with Ben, since she should never see him again. She grudged Rose her triumph—grudged it with all her heart, but she stood between two unpleasant alternatives, and had to choose the least distasteful. She was just a little more afraid of Ben, in his present dark mood, than she was jealous of Rose. So she told the whole tale, Ben standing over her, and looking as if he would shake the words out of her every time she paused to take breath. When it was concluded, he kept grim silence for a minute or two. Then he said, hoarsely:

"It's hard work, harder work than you think, to keep from cursing you right out. But I'll set you a better example than you ever set me. You say you are going away the day after to-morrow. Well, live here peaceable till then; I won't disturb you, for I'm off to fetch Rose home. But, mind, I'll never call you mother again. If you were starving, I don't mean to say I'd turn you from my door; only there's no fear of that—you've feathered your nest thick and well, I'll be bound, and will eat, drink and be merry on the wages of sin for many a long year to come. We won't part angry-like, as it seems we shan't meet again in this world. Here's my hand, and good-bye to you. May God turn your heart—and mine!"

He went out, his eyes moist with tears, and walked straight down to Woodman's cottage. The dame had told him that he could get Rose's address from her father, and he found the old man ready enough to afford him the information he required.

The poor sickly mother came hobbling to the door to wish him God speed, and to tell him how earnestly and faithfully Rose had loved him all through.

"I wouldn't have told you if it hadn't been all right between you now, Ben," she said; "but it is as near killed her as could be. Often and often has she said to me: 'If it wasn't for you, mother, I should lay down and die. There doesn't seem anything worth living for, now Ben and me's parted.' And she pined away to nothing, poor girl! Only when the neighbors came in, and wanted to say a word about you, speaking harsh-like, Rose would fire up, and declare it wasn't your fault; for if you heard cruel tales, you wasn't to be expected not to believe 'em. And she went on taking your part until the last day she was here. And as she rode off in the miller's light cart to the station, I could see her looking up at your cottage as long as I could see her at all. But as to the very name of that frock the dame gave her, she couldn't abide it any more than she could abide prison, and wanted to tear it up, if I hadn't prevented her."

"Then the dame really did give it to her?" said Ben, tremulously.

"I should think she did, in my very room, and before my eyes; and when we told her of it afterwards, she declared that Rose knew all the time it came from Lord Gillingham, which was as false a story as ever was."

"And who got her the place?" said Ben, determined to clear up everything at once, in order that he might never have to recur to the subject again.

"Well, my sister is housekeeper in a high house, and when I—being a good scholar, as Rose is too—wrote and told her about matters, she said if Rose liked to come to her she would get her a good situation. And so she did, I'm sure, for many's the shilling Rose has sent me and her father since she went away. But now I s'pose you'll bring her home again?"

"Please God, mother, please God," said Ben, reverently, and he walked fast down the road, turning every now and then to bid her a last and a last wite farewell.

Ben had a good fifty miles' walk before him ere he could reach Rose's new abode. But he marched on valiantly, now mounting a high hill, now crossing a little noisy beck, now disappearing in a green hollow, and he never thought to be tired; his heart was too full of other things. The silent stars bore him company, and the night, if chilly,



was clear and calm. But could he be cold, or hungry, or fatigued, when he was about to take his innocent Rose to his yearning bosom again, and call her his own—his own now until death? When the dawn broke, and soft ripples of amber and sapphire light pierced through the gray east, Ben went in to a wayside inn to refresh himself, and came out feeling within him renewed energy and life.

But why describe this quiet, uneventful journey? Ben found his Rose—a thin, hollow-eyed girl whom he could hardly feel in his arms, when he caught her to him with an eager, passionate gripe. She had so wasted, so paled with sorrow, that his great honest heart gave a bound, and the tears sprang into his eyes as he looked at her.

"Don't cry, Ben," said Rose, stroking his cheek with her quivering fingers. "I will soon get well now. It wasn't pain that was killing me; it was only being parted from you."

"And we shall never be parted again now, my little Rose."

"Never," she whispered, pressing closer to him. "We never must, Ben, for the next time I should not linger, but die outright."

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE STORM BURSTS.

NINA had performed a good action, had remembered the sorrows of others in the midst of her own sorrows, and she felt more at peace with herself than she had done for a long time. She crept back into the room where they were all assembled, her eyes seeking Cyril's unconsciously directly she entered, and lingering on him so long and so wistfully, that she never even noticed Gabrielle's presence until she was clasped in her arms.

"Now," said Gabrielle, breathless from the quick kisses she dropped upon Nina's cheeks and lips, "say you're glad to see me, or I'll pinch you."

"You know I must be glad, Gabrielle."

"Oh, no, you're not obliged, only you must say so. I like polite humbug better than rough truth."

"Nonsense!"

"I do, and I always did. I'm not obliged to be deceived by humbug just because I enjoy it. If you call me a swan to my face, and declare I'm a crow directly I've turned my back, I don't know that you've reversed your decree so hastily, and walk away complaisant and happy. Mind, I am certain all the time that you don't feel quite all you assert; but then, as I said before, I like humbug; it's so smooth and light, that you can swallow a great quantity at a sitting, and not suffer from indigestion; and, being a Frenchwoman, I prefer light dishes."

"I give you credit for more solidity of taste than you will acknowledge," said Cyril, taking up the conversation in order to ease Nina.

Gabrielle flashed at him a sudden bright glance of interrogation, then turned away haughtily.

"You don't know anything about me at all, Captain Marsh. How should you? You haven't heard the news?" she suddenly added, turning to Nina.

"No."

"Well, mama has turned out to be a woman of fortune after all. There has been a cruel and persistent fraud somewhere, but all that I don't care to explain just now. At any rate, mama will now have a clear thousand pounds a year, and will go back to her beloved Paris, and live creditably to our name."

And Gabrielle paused, sighed very deeply, and then went on with sudden dash and fire:

"I am to be a duchess, at the least, so she says, and 'madame la princesse' would sound well, if it only prove attainable. But, as I tell mama, it's a different thing wishing for the moon and getting it."

"Do you compare a prince to the moon?"

"No, to a star—a star of the first magnitude—that is to say, in mama's opinion. I—let me see, what do I think?—I think it is nicer to be Gabrielle de Pène, and to live at Beechwood, and see Nina very often; but then Nina is going away, and will marry a big monster of a man, who, I fancy, wants just a wife and nothing more; so, being cast out here, I am fain to follow mama to Paris, and help her angle for the dear prince who is the object of her ambition."

"Then Madame de Pène has already left?"

"Yes, for town; but she returns in a couple of days to fetch me, and in the meantime she has billeted me upon Mrs. Marsh—or, rather I have billeted myself, being a great little fool, and afraid to sleep alone."

"Why, but, mademoiselle, I always thought you were so brave."

"So I am with crows, and spiders, and earwigs, and all such things, but I live in nightly horror of finding a robber concealed beneath my bed. Mama looks under it for me every night, and into all the closets; then I go round a second time, drop a pair of wellington boots outside my door to make any one think I'm a man, after this I lock and bolt everything there is to lock and bolt, put a great box in the room for any one to tumble over if he came, and rush into bed, where I lie trembling until I fall asleep. But then I must be allowed to say that one night, when we really thought that the long-expected robbers had come at last, I apostrophised them from the window, referred to a mythical John of fierce propensities with confidence, and grew so eloquent in my description of his natural ferocity and bloodthirsty habits, that I believe I made a very strong impression upon William Dart's gray mare which had strayed from the common and was seeking a fresh nibble on our grassplot. At any rate, it neighed."

"Who neighed—the gray mare?"

Naturally; it could not have been the robber, who never came; nor John the footman, who was a myth; nor mama, who was fainting in her bed; nor Mary Anne, who was down on her knees sobbing over her prayers and saying grace before meat—evidently thinking that anything would do it were only the right sort—and I, am I in the habit of neighing, pray?"

"I never heard you," answered Cyril, gravely. "They've spoilt you here," said Nina, shrugging her shoulders and laughing; "you used not to be so disagreeable when you first came."

The laugh was still on her lips, and Nina and Captain Marsh were each smiling, though faintly, when the door opened and the butler came in. It was rather unusual for him to enter the drawing-room of an evening without being summoned. Mr. Marsh never attended to business after dinner, and liked to be left with his family and to read his *Times* in peace, without being disturbed by the presence of servants. He looked up at the man a little severely over his spectacles as he came towards the centre table with a hesitating step. Simmons faltered, turned pale, and sank his voice to a whisper—

"If you please, sir, you're wanted."

"You know I never see anybody of an evening."

And Mr. Marsh turned to his paper again, and began to read frowningly.

"If you please, sir, it's the superintendent of police and two constables, and they say they must see you."

Simmons spoke lower still, and there was a look of respectful anxiety in his face. When he found Mr. Marsh still hesitate—

"They'll come straight in here if you don't go to them, sir!"

"How should they dare?" exclaimed Mr. Marsh, inwardly stung and disturbed by the man's subdued tone and air of compassionate respect.

"I told Superintendent Spenser that you wouldn't see him at this hour, but he said that being a magistrate you could not resist the law."

"Who spoke of resisting the law?" answered Mr. Marsh, haughtily; "I wished to resist presumptuous intrusion on my domestic privacy, that was all. Show Mr. Spenser into the library, and tell him I will be with him in two minutes."

"And the constables, sir?"

"Let them remain in the hall," replied Mr. Marsh, impatiently; and Simmons left the room.

Mr. Marsh stood on the hearthrug and looked down at his wife with a face whose white shame and agony was terrible to see.

"Sophia, did you hear? the police are in our house! What can their errand be, do you think, when they threaten to invade my sitting-room if I do not go to them at once?"

One low, despairing cry reached Mr. Marsh, and it seemed to goad him inexorably. A dark shadow crossed his face, and left him livid rather than white.

He set his foot on the hearthrug in a firmer position, and spoke again:

"Mind, I accuse no one; I do not even allow myself to guess whom these men may be searching for here; but if it be one of mine, may my curse rest on her, now and for ever, amen!"

And Mr. Marsh left the room amid silence which was like that of the grave. Then Nina rose and walked towards the door with such a weak, faint step that Cyril followed her, thinking every minute she would fall. Her hand was on the lock, but he gently removed it, and held it in his own.

"Where are you going, Nina?"

"To them," she answered, turning restlessly from side to side. "It's no use their coming up here for me."

"On the contrary, Nina, if they must come, here, surrounded by your friends, is the best place to receive them. Go back to your seat, and I will get you a glass of wine."

She did as she was told, and there she sat, stony and rigid, with eyes alone living and alight, close to the luxurious Madeleine, who, stretched on her soft cushions, had sunk into a doze. Mrs. Marsh had fainted. She had received mercy—so, at least, Cyril thought, as he returned to the drawing-room and surveyed the group. Gabrielle met him at the threshold.

"Captain Marsh," she said, with a pale, serious face, "there is something very terrible going on here; what ought, what must I do? I would not forsake Nina for the world."

"Not if you could serve her, I am sure; but in the present case the very greatest kindness you could do her would be to leave the house this very minute, without asking any questions, or even bidding her adieu. Your mother is in London, I believe?"

"She is."

"Well, then, join her there to-morrow morning as early as the trains will allow, and God give you a bright and happy future far away from this unfortunate place!"

"And Nina?"

"I will explain everything, and say all that is affectionate and kind for you. But time presses, mademoiselle; the sooner you are gone the better for her and for you. Take one of the maids with you—I know Mrs. Marsh would wish it—and let her remain with you all night."

Gabrielle was sobbing like a child. When she saw Captain Marsh so strong, so gentle, at a terrible crisis, the love she had believed extinct suddenly revived, and the increased pain of parting threefold. Then there was all her vague fear and horror of this secret of Nina's which had drawn the police to her father's house, and between these mingled sensations Gabrielle was almost beside herself. She seized the hand Captain Marsh offered her, dropped a kiss and a tear on it together, and flew past him out of the room.

Then Cyril returned to Nina. But she refused the wine.

"Give it to mama," she said; "don't you see how badly she needs some restorative?"

"No, Nina, your mother would accuse me justly of cruelty if I brought her to her senses now. Let her remain as she is as long as possible. She will wake soon enough, my poor Nina."

"And you will not forsake me?" Cyril?

"Did I not promise, Nina?"

"You will be so tried—so terribly tried. Can you guess what they are fetching me for?"

"No; but I should be told. It will come to me better from you, and, besides, I shall then be prepared."

"Murder."

She gave the word faintly, her eyes searching his eyes, as if to read his soul. He shrank from her a minute, but it was only a minute.

"You are falsely accused, Nina," he said, and, taking up her white tremulous hand, he kissed it passionately. "My poor girl, how cruel and shameful!"

"But, Cyril, I—I murdered my child."

"Then you were mad, quite mad, weren't you?"

His agony was almost equal to hers. His lips worked convulsively, the veins in his forehead were swollen into thick cords, and his gripe on her hand tightened like the gripe of a drowning man.

"Then you were mad, quite mad, weren't you?"

He repeated his question, but she could not answer it then. At last she said "No," slowly but decidedly.

"But you have some explanation to give, Nina; you can tell me something I may believe."

"You must believe that I committed this murder, Cyril, but you can exonerate me one way. I never meant to do it—I never dreamt of such a thing in my wildest moments. Cruelly and shamefully as Colonel St. George had behaved to me, I loved his child. You know we were married, and after his desertion I returned home. In a few months I left again, on the pretence of another visit to Miss Mervyn; but, instead of going to Westmoreland, where she then was, I went to a quiet little village in Cheshire, where my child was born. It was puny and delicate at its birth; but I swear that I loved it, and would have saved it if I could. The time came for me to return home. I had received no letters from any of my family. I had begged them not to write, as we were travelling about, and they were glad to be saved the trouble. But I knew that their trip to the seaside must be nearly over, and that I must take my child in my arms and go to my father, confessing everything, and flinging myself on his mercy. I wrote and announced my intention of returning to Beechwood, and waited for their answer in London, where I had been staying several days. They appointed the following Thursday for my arrival, and on the evening of that day I got out at a little station some twelve miles distant from here, and came on by a carrier to within an easy walk of the house. It was growing dusk now, and I sat down on the hillside and uncovered the face of my child. It lay on my arm, with eyes distended and lips apart, and when I felt its little arm it was stiff, and chill, and heavy from lack of life—at least so I thought. I solemnly swear that I believed it dead. I sat down and wept over it. I prayed that its sinless soul might have found rest. Then I went to the edge of the hill on which I had been sitting, and cast its body into the sea, which lay frothing and foaming in the depths beneath. 'An hell here as under the sod,' I thought, 'since it is lost to me and I cannot call it back again. God will smile on its ocean grave, and the cool waves are as soft to lie upon as the brown earth. So sleep, my beloved, until we meet again.' I turned, with my eyes flooded with tears, and came face to face with Dame Oldum."

"What have you been doing there?" she said, in a tone of insolent authority.

"I cowered, but did not speak."

"You've been murdering your own little one, I know."

"It was dead—I swear it was dead!" I answered, trembling in every limb.

"She caught my arm—she glared into my face."

"Do the dead cry out?" she screamed.

"It never cried," I said. "How could it? I tell you it was dead."

"I saw you with something in your arms—I stood and watched you," she went on. "You crept along the ridge of the hill, I crept along after you: you took a breathing child from your bosom and cast it into the sea. I was so near you then that I leant almost on you to look down, and I saw the child dash against an edge of the crag yonder, and open its mouth and cry—it's no use saying it didn't—I heard the cry, I saw the child, and I'll take my oath it was living and moving when you flung it out of your arms, and that it suffered in dying, for it died in sharp pain. You killed it, and you meant to kill it, to save yourself from shame."

"Oh, Cyril, I was agonised! Lost at detection, less from the conviction that henceforth I was at the mercy of this hard, cruel, creature, than at the terrible thought that I had murdered my own child. She made a bargain with me; I was broken-hearted, and consented to everything. I gave her money, all I could scrape together; I sold my jewels to satisfy her rapacious claims, and then she threatened me continually with exposure and darkened every hour of my life. I went into mourning for my little one, as much from expediency as from feeling. I had to dress so meanly for one in my position, and was always afraid of being questioned. I thought, then, black would hide my poverty and satisfy my heart at the same time. I suffered so terribly in different ways! I suffered through fear, through pain, through humiliation, through love, and now my cup is full to overflowing—the one last bitter drop has been added, and I am as one without hope."

She covered her eyes with her hand, and for a minute she seemed to pray. Presently she looked up again, and spoke:

"This is Lord Gillingham's revenge."

But she suddenly paused, listened attentively for a second or two, and then flung herself into Cyril's arms in an agony of terror.

"They are coming! they are coming! I don't you hear them? Oh, Cyril, to die that death!"

"Hush, Nina; be brave!" he answered, straining her to him almost unconsciously. "You are innocent in God's eyes; and I, having heard your miserable story, absolve you completely. No jury

would convict you on the evidence of such a woman as Dame Oldum. Come, Nina, have courage. Nay, you must bear yourself bravely, and take the air of an innocent person; your looks will be watched and your words studied. They are just at the door; take my arm, fix your head, look at them steadily as they enter, and remember, whatever may happen, you have a true friend in Cyril Marsh."

"Thank you for that, Cyril. Now I am brave."

And she smiled—smiled in the very teeth of the men who had come to tear her from her father's hearth. They were surprised to find her so very calm and confident. She thanked the superintendent quietly when he said that they had decided not to remove her until the morning, and that Mrs. Trent might remain with her during the night, if she would prefer not to pass it with them alone.

Nina was truly grateful for these concessions. She did not know until afterwards that Mr. Marsh had used all his influence to procure them for her, and had only succeeded after a most solemn assertion that she should not be allowed to escape. It would have comforted her to know that her father would do even this much for her. Still she had one consolation in Cyril's presence. Leaning on his arm, she had been able to listen firmly whilst the superintendent read out the warrant in a sonorous voice, which awoke Madeleine, scared, from her pleasant doze. When it was finished, she could answer without a tremor in the voice, or a tear in the eye:

"You may do with me as you will, but I am innocent before God."

Then came the parting, which was more terrible than the agony of death. Nina went up to her mother's chair, knelt down before it, and covered her cold lips and cheeks with passionate kisses; then she drew towards Madeleine. The latter, now wide awake, but still scared, looked at her reproachfully a second, and turned away her head. Thus Nina's tender, humble kiss never reached her lips; it fell amongst her blonde hair. She came to Captain Marsh next, and last. He took her to his arms as if it were his right, being of her blood, and he said aloud:

"Courage, dear Nina; all will be well. The law is mighty because it is so just. You are innocent, and it will not harm you. You will return to us again."

"God grant it!" answered Nina, sadly; and she melted out of his embrace, and passed down the stairs, guarded and escorted by the three men.

Mrs. Trent's room had been chosen for their night quarters, and there the long hours dragged away. The policemen went out one by one to sleep, and one by one they slept and snored. Meanwhile, Nina lay on Mrs. Trent's bosom. She did not know how she had got there, but the shelter once enjoyed became a necessity. She cried and prayed softly until dawn broke. At about eight o'clock she was taken from the house in a closed carriage; but Mrs. Trent was still permitted to remain with her, and begged herself that she might be allowed to accompany the poor girl to the gates of the county jail. The constables were rough men, accustomed to sorrowful scenes, but they saved Nina every pang they dared.

Cyril, at the head of the weeping household, stood in the hall to bid her a last good-bye. She took every hand stretched out towards her, and looked at these faithful creatures thankfully through her tears. Then she crossed the threshold of Beechwood Manor for the last time, and glancing back through the window when they reached the top of the hill, she saw Cyril still standing on the doorstep, and waving her a final adieu.

#### A STRIKING CONTRAST.

Our double page, this week, is occupied by two scenes, in which character and the extremes of moral principle and moral degradation are forcibly and significantly illustrated. The time is election day—Tuesday, the 8th of November. The persons are voters, going to the polls. On one side a wretch, overpowered by liquor, is being half led, half carried, to the polls, by two wretches more degraded than himself, types of the pothouse politicians with whom our city is cursed. These men have piled their victim with drink, till he is almost stupified, in which condition he is about to exercise the greatest privilege of freemen—the elective franchise. On the other side are seen the true representatives of our country's spirit and dignity and heroic purpose, the veteran soldiers of 1812 and of 1861. They, too, are proceeding to the polls, but in a far different mood. In one scene we note the hideousness alike of physical, moral, and political depravity. In the other we admire manliness, patriotism, and the integrity that ennobles life and supplies the enduring basis of a great nation.

#### SHERIDAN'S TROPHIES OF VICTORY.

THE trophies of Maj.-Gen. Sheridan's victory at Middletown, on the 19th of October—which has been illustrated and described in these columns—are depicted in a sketch, on page 148, made by our Special Artist, subsequent to the battle. The wagons and the cannons—of which latter upwards of 80 were captured, including 24 of our own pieces, taken by the rebels in the preliminary fight—are represented, in our sketch, as they appeared when collected in front of Gen. Sheridan's headquarters, at Cedar Creek. The time is sunset. The battle, it will be remembered, began about 1 o'clock. The last grand charge, which swept the rebels off of the field, being made at 3. Having defeated the enemy, Gen. Sheridan went forward and resumed the occupation of his original headquarters, at Cedar Creek, from the neighborhood of which his forces had been driven in the morning. Here the spoils of victory were assembled. Gen. Custer's memorable words in reference to them will not soon be forgotten: "By —," he said, as he flung Gen. Sheridan, "we've cleaned 'em out and got the guns."

THE late Archbishop Whately, who was fond of his joke, said that lunatics ought not to be allowed to cultivate gardens, because they might "grow madder."



## THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1864—SCENES IN NEW YORK CITY.

## THE GREAT PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

Of the 8th of November, 1864.

It is not too much to say that the election which has just passed over in such significant and remarkable quiet was one of the most momentous that ever challenged public attention; for it was not alone of the interests of our own Republic that trembled in the balance, but those of the whole world. How completely our Republican institutions have justified themselves and passed triumphantly through the fiery ordeal, even our monarchical enemies must acknowledge.

Despite the confidence which all felt in the law-abiding disposition of the American character, there was a certain amount of misgiving, which was rather increased when it became known that Mr. Secretary Seward had telegraphed to Mayor Gunther that the Government had received intelligence of an intended attempt by Southern rebels, or their sympathisers, to take advantage of the excitement and confusion ever attendant on a Presidential election, to set fire to some of our large cities. This feeling of uneasiness was also increased or diminished, just as the political bias of the parties swayed them, by the report that Gen. Butler had been sent up to supersede Gen. Dix, and to assume military command of the State. Alarmists even went so far as to say that he had come to proclaim martial law. Many, however, considered that the presence of "the great pacificator of New Orleans" would strike terror into the unruly, and that "Order would reign in Warsaw."

The morning dawned in clouds, reminding all of the opening words of Addison's "Cato":



REMOVING BALLOT BOXES TO THE POLLS—SCENE AT THE FIFTH PRECINCT POLICE STATION—THE REMOVAL SUPERINTENDED BY CAPT. PETTY.

often," voting, as Shakespeare says, "not wisely but too well."

These instances were, however, but few, and we question if there ever was an election in which there were so few fraudulent votes. One man, upon being challenged, said: "That he thought he had a right to vote twice, because he had not voted last election!" While another argued that he had a perfect right to two votes, since he had a store as well as a private house! In fact, that he considered himself a double man. Another maintained that he had been married twice, and thought he had a good right to vote twice.

Elections in this country are so common that every man, woman and child is conversant with the machinery and processes, and therefore our sketches require no particular description; but, like all well-known things with which we have been familiar from our cradle, there is something very curious and ingenious in the method by which the silent resolve of a great nation is put into motion, and made practical in its bearing upon the government of the world. Jove, according to that blind old vagabond, Homer—we are speaking now as a respectable man—governed the world from the top of Mount Olympus, his *modus operandi* being thus expressed by Pope:

"Shakes his ambrosial locks and gives the nod,  
The stamp of fate and symbol of the God."

Uncle Sam, who does not pay so much attention to his tonsorial duties, does not put his tresses into paper, but his votes; and, charged with the lightning of his resolve, he displaces this official and puts another in his stead with the greatest coolness and determination.

Our Artists, who were really almost omnipresent last Tuesday, have, in their graphic sketches, given a perfect picture of some of the most in-



TICKET BOOTHS—VOTERS PROCUING TICKETS.



BRINGING INVALID SOLDIERS TO THE POLLS.

"The morning dawns, and heavily with clouds brings on the day big with the fate of Cato and of Rome."

Soon after the voting commenced, the clouds resolved to rain, and acted upon the resolution with considerable pertinacity. It seemed as though, since the police had stopped the supply of liquor, there should be no want of water: and, as temperance men, we are glad to say there wasn't any want of either, since the dealers in Bacchus kept the word of promise to the ear of authority, and broke it to their hope, by putting up their shutters and leaving the door open, with the decanters on the counters.

It is curious to observe how entirely the spirit of partisanship destroys that freedom of thought which is supposed to be the peculiar property of an American freeman in general, and of a New York voter in particular. To such an extent did this prevail on the present occasion that, while every McClellan man said Butler's presence would create a riot, and was, at all events, an insult to the Empire State, every Lincolnite declared that Butler's jovial person was worth an army, and that his half-closed eye would shed peace and security on the city. It must, however, be allowed that there was considerable moderation of language and demeanor in the political discussions going on, whether in a corner, round a corner, or even in the unfettered precincts of the Pewter Mug, saying nothing at all of the more aristocratic regions of Delmonico's. It was, above all, easy to see that the good sense of the people had determined upon a quiet election, and that the only excesses would be those of a few industrious persons who would "vote early and vote



SCENE AT THE POLLS IN THE FIVE POINTS.

teresting scenes. That they are not more exciting every true American will rejoice, for never has any election passed over with such perfect quiet. An English gentleman, no admirer of our Universal Suffrage, observed to us that there was more fighting and riot in one parochial election in any part of Great Britain, saying nothing of Ireland, than in the entire election last Tuesday in New York.

## The Five Points.

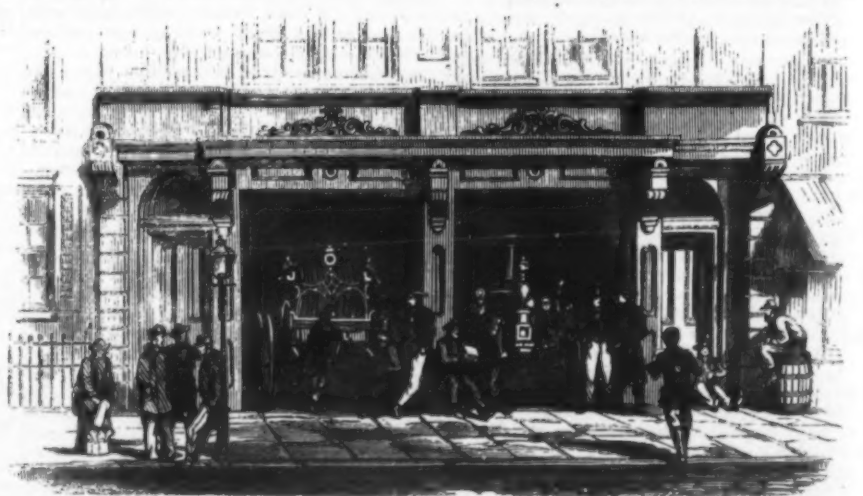
Among the most startling changes in New York is that which has come over the spirit of the Five Points. Twenty—nay, even fifteen—years ago it was not safe to venture into its purities. The new system of police and the labors of a few good men have wrought a magical change, so that it is now as quiet as Bleeker street. On Tuesday morning, the memorable 8th of November, there was as much order in this once lawless region as in the 5th Avenue, and we have not heard of a single case of violence.

## The Ballot Boxes.

The ballot-boxes now used are hollow globes of glass, fixed in an iron frame; seven of these are placed on a table, and into them every voter deposits his ballot. Before, however, he is allowed to do this, he gives his name and address to the Inspector, who turns to see if he is registered; if correct, he ticks off the name, and the ballot is put into the box. When the sun sets, these are counted by persons appointed by both parties, to prevent the possibility of fraud. Our readers will recollect that when there was so much excitement on the subject of glass ballot-boxes—which were, by the way, the invention of the



A LIQUOR STORE CLOSED ON ELECTION DAY, ACCORDING TO LAW—ITS OWNER REFUSES TO SELL LIQUOR.





THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1864—SCENES IN NEW-YORK CITY.



THE PROCESS OF VOTING—VOTERS AWAITING THEIR TURNS AT THE POLLS.

well-known music-seller, S. C. Jolie—we published an illustration of one, with full particulars, at the time they were adopted some seven years ago.

Night Scene at the Herald Office.

The enterprise of our Press was well illustrated at the Herald office, where the returns were displayed to an anxious and agitated crowd by means of a calcium light. We have not space to give a tithe of the amusing dialogues heard *membra disjecta*. The confusion of Babel is a faint type of the multitudinous gabble of the surrounding crowd. It was, however, clear that "Little Mac" was the undoubted favorite, although many a remark about gunboats was heard, and that he was more of a naval than a military hero.

Government Precautions.

We can all sympathize with the man, who, when shipwrecked on what appeared to be a desolate, cannibal-looking place, suddenly came upon a gallows. We can enter also into the heartiness of his joy when, overcome by the sight, he fell upon his knees and thanked God that he was thrown upon a civilized land—and indeed, in all soberness, we may say there is no civilization without the gallows or a wholesome severity. At the recent election the Government evidently thought so, for Butler's machinery was very perfect. The engine-houses were open, and everything was in readiness to put down any attempt at arson, and it is remarkable that not a single alarm of fire was indulged in on this eventful day. We have heard that every ward was under the surveillance of an officer who had seen service, and who had been granted a short furlough for this very purpose. These were all in citizens' clothes, the better



THE MAN WHO VOTED "EARLY AND OFTEN."

to accomplish their object, and to avoid the appearance of that military despotism which the disaffected so loudly brayed about. Every hour these officers telegraphed to Butler's headquarters the state of public feeling. Should any necessity have arisen, there was a disciplined force of over 15,000 men ready to bear upon any given point.

WOMEN VOTING IN NEW JERSEY

Towards the Close of the Last Century.

We publish, on page 149, a curious sketch, representing a custom, now happily obsolete, with the existence of which we fancy that few persons, except members of the Historical Society, are acquainted. That custom was the exercise of the privilege of elective franchise by women in New Jersey. It existed there within the memory of individuals now living. To this day women in England who, in their own names, hold property, and are unmarried, are entitled to vote for parochial officers, such as churchwardens, overseers, and sextons; but they have never, in that country, meddled with politics. Not so with us. In a very singular pamphlet, published in Trenton, 1799, called "Kamenes, a Collection of Papers on the Errors and Omissions of the Constitution of New Jersey," the writer is very severe upon the fact that women were allowed to exercise the same right as the sterner sex—observing, in a note, on page 33, that "Nothing can be a greater mockery of this invaluable and sacred right, than to suffer it to be exercised by persons who do not pretend to any judgment on the subject." On another



THE OLD PROVINCE HOUSE, AT BOSTON, MASS., BUILT IN 1670, DESTROYED BY FIRE OCT. 26TH.



NIGHT SCENE AT THE N. Y. HERALD OFFICE—DISPLAYING ELECTION RETURNS BY MEANS OF A CALCIUM LIGHT.



page he says: "To my mind (without going into an historical or philosophical deduction of particulars on the subject), it is evident that women, generally, are neither by habit, nor education, nor by their necessary condition in society, fitted to perform this duty with either credit to themselves or advantage to the public. The great practical mischief, however, resulting from their admission under our present form of Government, is, that the towns and populous villages gain an unfair advantage over the country, by the greater facility they enjoy over the latter in drawing out their women to the election."

"Many important election contests have been terminated at last by these auxiliaries in favor of candidates supported by town interest."

In these days of progress, when women make stump speeches, and are applauded therefor, there are not wanting advocates of the expediency of allowing women to vote—such philosophers being unsatisfied with the incalculable influence already exerted over public affairs by the unseen but not less powerful influence of her intellect and her feminine charms.

A wag suggests, in view of the numerous political organizations in all parts of the country, that "clubs are training."

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ROBERT BASSETT, Secretary.

The New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company has been organized under the laws of the State of New York, for the purpose of mining for petroleum, and other minerals, and dealing in the same. It has located its principal business office in New York City, the largest transit and shipping market for petroleum in the world, and has taken measures to establish a connection with Liverpool, the most extensive receiving market for that oil, outside of this country. The managers and stockholders of the Company include among their number gentlemen largely interested in the petroleum business, and who have gained both wealth and experience in its facts which justify the confident expectation of careful, intelligent and profitable management. It is believed that by a judicious investment of the funds of the company, dividends of from two to five per cent. a month on the capital stock can be made.

The property to be conveyed to the Company consists of the lands and property enumerated in the following list. Their extent can be greatly enlarged if desirable, and their present development completed, as funds shall come in from subscriptions.

### LIST OF LANDS AND PROPERTY.

1st.—One-tenth of the working interest in Lot No. 1, on the upper McKelheny Farm, containing ten acres. There are three wells on this lot, two of which are now producing about fifty barrels a day each, the third about ten barrels. A new well is also now in process of drilling, and will soon be completed. On this property are three good engines, tankage for over eleven hundred barrels, tubing, tools, office, &c.

There is room on this lease for several more wells, and all wells put down on or near this territory have been productive. The character of the McKelheny Farm is too well known to need further comment. 2d.—One-fourth of the working interest in Lot No. 6, on the lower McKelheny Farm, containing one acre, and known as the Hatch lease, being the lease next below and adjoining the well known Empire well, which is now producing one hundred barrels a day. On this lot is one well flowing twenty barrels a day, and another well which has been flowing eighty barrels a day, and which is expected to yield again, as soon as a "blower" or air-pump can be put in, which is now nearly prepared. A third well is down and just ready to be tested. A fourth is down about four hundred feet, and is confidently expected to be a good well. There are three good engines, tankage, tubing, and an office on this lease.

3d.—One-fourth of the working interest of two lots adjoining, on the late Widow McClintock's Farm, containing half an acre each. On this property there is one well, known as the Freeman Well, now pumping twenty barrels a day—and another down two hundred feet, which is expected to yield a good supply of oil, being within a few feet of a well on the adjoining property which is producing one hundred and fifty barrels, and but a short distance from the celebrated "Hammond Well," yielding three hundred barrels a day. A third well has been sunk immediately on this lease. Two good engines and all the necessary appurtenances are on this property.

4th.—A lot of oil land, in fee simple, on the Caldwell Branch of Oil Creek, containing about one hundred acres, being the south half of that part of lot No. 100, on the east side of Caldwell Creek, about five miles above Titusville. The Briggs Oil Company own the land on the opposite side of the creek, on which a well is now about to be put down. The surface show of oil on all this land indicates a very rich territory for boring purposes. The above named property of this Company will be immediately put under development.

5th.—A lot of oil-land, in fee simple, containing seventy acres, situated on French Creek, about four miles from the Allegheny River. All the land in this vicinity is good, and excellent lubricating oil is produced from wells in the neighborhood. 6th.—A lot, in fee simple, of oil land on Cherry Run, containing about seventy-five acres, situated about three miles above Plumer, and only two miles from the celebrated "Noble Well." All the land on Cherry Run has been purchased, and all the wells put down have been productive. One well is down five hundred feet, with a good show of oil, on the adjoining lot.

7th.—Two-thirds of the working interest in the "Wheeler Well," on the John McClintock Farm, containing one acre more or less. One well is now producing 70 barrels a day, and steadily increasing, and there is ample room for two more wells on the lot. There is an engine and all the necessary apparatus on the property, which is directly opposite the celebrated Hammond Well, now producing 300 barrels a day.

8th.—One thirty-second of the interest in a lease of three acres on the Foster Farm, near the Porter, Crocker, Sherman, and Noble and Delamater Wells. 9th.—One-twelfth of the interest in one acre of the O. W. McClintock Farm, adjoining the Mowbray Well; with a good engine, 1,000 feet of tubing, &c., &c. On this land are two wells, both of which have flowed, and will again produce oil if worked.

10th.—One-half of the interest in two acres of oil lands on Cherry Run. This locality is now producing a great excitement in the oil market, large streams of oil having been struck within a month.

11th.—Fifty acres of land on Oil Creek, five miles above Titusville, having a frontage on the creek of 100 rods.

12th.—The Ridgway Farm, so called, comprising 83

acres of land near Titusville, having a front on Oil Creek of 115 rods, and having already upon one well which promises to be one of the very best on Oil Creek. 13th.—Two hundred acres of land, three miles above Titusville, with a front of 300 rods on Oil Creek, known as the Newtown Farm. This land is undeveloped, and is by experts considered good property.

[N. B.—The three tracts last mentioned are not only valuable as oil land, but also for the lumber; being heavily timbered, and containing water-power and mills now established, which at their utmost capacity are unable to satisfy the demand for their sawed lumber at \$25 per 1,000 feet at the mill.]

14th.—One-half of the interest in two acres on the John McClintock Farm, known as the Buttonwood Lease. This tract fronts for thirty rods on Oil Creek, and contains two wells. Of these No. 1 is now producing ten barrels a day, and No. 2 will produce twenty-five or thirty barrels a day as soon as the proper machinery can be set up.

15th.—One-sixteenth of the interest in two acres on the McKelheny or Funk Farm, near the Empire, Olmstead and Dinmore wells. On this land one well is already down, and producing six barrels of oil per day.

16th.—One hundred and sixty-eight acres of land in fee, on Bull Creek, in the oil region of West Virginia.

17th.—One hundred and eighty-five acres on Cow Creek, West Virginia.

[N. B.—The two last named parcels of land border the two creeks mentioned, and are immediately adjoining oil territory of the best character, and which is now producing as much as any Oil Creek.]

18th.—Seventy-five acres in fee, near Franklin, Venango county, Pa., with a front of eighty rods on the river. This tract is now yielding twenty-five barrels of a day, having upon it three wells already producing, and four ready for tubing, with the necessary engines and fixtures.

19th.—The Fulmer Farm, so called, being one hundred and sixteen acres in fee, three miles from Titusville, extending for a hundred rods along both sides of Oil Creek and being good oil land for its whole extent.

20th.—Seventy-one acres in fee, on Little Oil Creek and Thompson Creek, four miles from Titusville.

21st.—One-twelfth of the working interest, being one-twelfth of all the oil produced on a lease situated on the west side of Oil Creek, on the Lower McKelheny Farm, and known as Lot No. 3. One well is already down on this land, the tubing and sucker rods on the ground and paid for, and a good eight-horse power engine ordered.

With this extensive estate already secured to the Company, and with its advantages of membership and management, the prospects it holds out are inferior to none now offered in the market. Indeed, notwithstanding the large number of Oil Companies now organized, the Petroleum business is, in fact, just at its beginning, as a brief statement will show:

"Seneca Oil," as it is sometimes called even now in drug shops, used to be collected by the Seneca and other Indians from the surface of Oil Creek and springs in that region. The first organized effort to obtain oil in the field of the present Petroleum business was not until 1854. The first well was bored at Titusville in 1857, and in August, 1858, at seventy-one feet, the drill fell into a cavity, and the well began to yield one thousand gallons a day. The business immediately received a monstrous impulse, and the supply of oil being quickly recognized as practically permanent, an enormous capital and a still greater speculative interest was at once attracted.

The oil lands are found in western Pennsylvania, north-eastern and south-eastern Ohio, north-eastern Kentucky and Western Virginia, not to mention other new fields from time to time found. Throughout these regions, for the last six years, lands have constantly been taken up, wells dug, companies formed, and immense fortunes made. The commercial uses of Petroleum have increased quite as rapidly as the supply, and the market absorbs at once all that is furnished. The speed with which investments are being pushed into the business may be imagined from the fact, that in New York, Philadelphia and Pittsburg alone two hundred and fifty Petroleum companies are in operation and quoted in market reports, and that Petroleum raised during the past year in western Pennsylvania alone has been sold crude at the wells for twenty-five million dollars.

In such enterprises to be early in the field is indispensable. Large as the number of companies may seem, it is not so striking as the vast extent of the part already proved of these unknown subterranean treasures of oil. In a few years more, perhaps, some working limit to the business will be reached, however the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company stands substantially as one of the early enterprises, and offers inducements only exceeded by those very few companies whose stock is practically out of market and inaccessible. With a view to provide for the future advantage of early subscribers, from this reasonable start in business, only a limited portion of the stock of the Company is offered at the present rates.

As one evidence of the opinion of experts about the quality of the property of the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company, we copy the following paragraphs from a letter of Mr. Mowbray, an operative chemist of reputation, established at Titusville, and prominent in the oil business from its very beginning:

"TITUSVILLE, PA., Oct. 10, 1864.  
"W. T. PHIPPS, Esq., Vice-President, etc.:  
"Dear Sir—

"I have observed that, without fail, the best wells have been reached in what was formerly the old bed of Oil Creek. The Drake well, the Sherman well, the Noble well, and the Henry well are instances of this. Your lands here are mainly the Old Creek bottom. It (the creek) is now diverted south of them, and in the summer the evolution of gas has been so offensive to the grassmowers, that they have left them during midday for another part of the field. The Union Company's well, not down to the third sandstone, in the same formation, gives a first-rate show of oil.

"If these are not the indications of oil territory, then only until after a series of wells has been actually sunk on the land can any opinion be formed. What the value of the land will then be you can judge, but the price will be beyond any present purchaser's means I am satisfied. I can only say that I have not the interest of one cent in these lands, but say what I really think for your guidance.

"Yours very respectfully,  
GEO. M. MOWBRAY."

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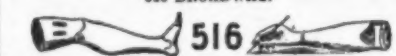
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